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EVANGELICAL

H Y M N S,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED:

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF

FAMILIES AND PRIVATE CIRCLES;

FOR

SOCIAL PRAYER MEETINGS,

SEASONS OF REVIVAL •

OR OTHER

OCCASIONS OF SPECIAL INTEREST.

✓✓
BY REV. J. N. HOFFMAN.

“ I will sing of Mercy and Judgment.”



CHAMBERSBURGH, Pa.

PUBLISHED BY W. O. HICKOK.

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P R E F A C E.

THE friends of Religion have often felt, and regretted the want of a collection of Hymns, adapted, especially, to the prevalence of Revivals, which are so characteristick of the present age.

To supply the deficiency, at least in some measure, the following compilation is offered to the publick.

The work contains a number of Hymns which have been composed since most Books, now used by the Church, were published. It was desirable that these Hymns, which are distinguished for fervent piety and poetick beauty, should be made to subserve the cause of Religion, by appearing in a collected form.

Care has been taken to give the work a strictly devotional character, and to adapt it to the various exigencies of the awakened and enquiring.

No Hymns contained in the Lutheran Hymn Book, now in use, have been admitted into this collection; while many on those subjects in which the former is not sufficiently full have been added.

In regard to the general arrangement, it was impossible, in so small a work, to be strictly systematick; but great care has been taken to prefix a special title to every Hymn, expressive of its subject.

Marks of Musical Expression, designed to indicate the proper manner of performance have been used, which may greatly aid the *attentive* singer, yet they cannot, in all cases, be found correct. Different tunes applied to the same Hymn—circumstances more or less exciting, will all have their legitimate influence in musical expression.—The only *inerring* guide is a clear conception of the subject sung, a heart that *feels* and *loves* the truth, combined with correct musical taste.

The characters used are those commonly found in Musick Books. To aid such as may not be familiar with the terms, or may have no Glossary at hand, the following key is subjoined.

- ad. adagio—with a slow movement.
- af. affettuoso—with tenderness, or emotion.
- al. allegro—brisk, sprightly, lively and distinct.
- an. andante—slow and distinct.
- cr. crescendo—increasing or swelling the sound.
- di. divoto—in a solemn devout manner.
- dim. diminuendo—with a decreasing sound.
- dl. dolce—sweetly, gently.
- ex. expressively.
- f. forte—loud.
- ff. fortissimo—very loud.
- m. moderato—between ad. and al. and between piano and forte.
- p. piano—soft.
- pp. pianissimo—very soft.
- st. staccato—in a distinct, emphatick manner.
- vi. vivace—lively.

When two terms are placed together, attention must be paid to the meaning of both: as,

ad.f. adagio-forte—slow and loud.

al.f. allegro-forte—brisk and loud.

When several marks of expression are applied to the same Hymn, each one takes effect *until the next occurs*.

The *tunes* named, as adapted to each hymn, will be found in a work entitled “Evangelical Musick;” but while these are appropriate, many others will be found equally so. In naming them, the object has been to *aid*, not to dictate.

With these remarks, our little book is respectfully submitted. Should it be found to subserve the advancement of Religion—should its numbers flow in unison with the wrapt emotion of some humble worshipper, in the Social Prayer Meeting, or at the Family altar—should it furnish a Song of Praise to some new-born soul, the efforts of the Compiler will not have been in vain.

H Y M N S.

BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

1. C. M. *St. Martins. Athens.*

God seen in his works.

dl. **T**HERE'S not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that blows,
But God has placed it there.

2 There's not of grass a simple blade,
Or leaf of lowliest mien,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed
And heavenly wisdom seen.

mæ. 3 There's not a tempest dark and dread,
Or storm that rends the air,
Or blast that sweeps the ocean's bed,
But God's own voice is there.

dl. 4 There's not a star whose twinkling light
Shines on the distant earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But Mercy gave it birth.

an. 5 There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean's deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found ;
For God is every where.

6 Around, beneath, below, above—
Where ever space extends,—
There God displays his boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

2. 7.7.7.7. *Sing my Soul. Pilgrim.*

Love of God.

- al. **S**ING, my soul, his wondrous love,
Who from you bright world above,
 Ever watchful o'er our race,
 Still to man extends his grace.
- mæ. 2 Heaven and earth by him were made,
 All is by his sceptre swayed ;
- af. What are we that he should show
 So much love to us below ?
- 3 God, the merciful and good,
 Bought us with the Saviour's blood ;
 And, to make our safety sure,
 Guides us by his spirit pure.
- al. 4 Sing, my soul—adore his name ;
 Let his glory be thy theme ;
 Praise him till he calls thee home,
 Trust his love for all to come.

3. L. M. *German Air. Van Hall's Hymn.*

The object of the Gospel.

- st. **T**HIS is the word of truth and love,
 Sent to the nations from above :
 Jehovah here resolves to show
 What his Almighty grace can do.
- 2 This remedy did wisdom find,
 To heal diseases of the mind ;
 This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
 Restore the ruined creature man.
- 3 The gospel bids the dead revive ;
 Sinners obey the voice and live ;
 Dry bones are raised and clothed afresh,
 And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.
- 4 May but this grace my soul renew,
 Let sinners gaze and hate me too ;

The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

4. L. M. *Sterling. Newry.*

Praise for the Scriptures.

NOW let my soul, Eternal King!
To thee its grateful tribute bring:
My knee with humble homage bow—
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

al. 2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below--and worlds above:
But in thy blessed word I trace,
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

af. 3 There, what delightful truths I read!
There I behold the Saviour bleed:
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

al. 4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my labouring conscience peace;
Raises my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

5 For love like this, oh! let my song,
Through endless years, thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

5. C. M. *Flushing. Dundee.*

The Scriptures a balm for every wound.

NEAR Lord, thy word of truth affords
A balm for every wound;
Hence all our hopes of bliss arise,
And here our peace is found.

dl. 2 The tree of life beneath whose shade
The weary pilgrim sits;
And there, regaling on its fruits,
With sweet refreshment meets:

m. 3 The sure foundation of our faith,
 And source of all our joy :
 May it our warmest thoughts engage,
 Our inmost souls employ.

4 But not on us alone bestow,
 These records of thy love ;
 Let distant lands thy truth receive,
 And all its blessings prove.

6. L. M. *Portugal. Bernard.*

Law and Gospel.

m. **T**HE Law commands and makes us know
 What duties to our God we owe ;
 cr. But 'tis the Gospel must reveal
 Where lies our strength to do his will.

m. 2 The Law discovers guilt and sin,
 And shows how vile our hearts have been :
 cr. Only the Gospel can express
 Forgiving love and cleansing grace.

ex. 3 What curses doth the Law denounce
 Against the man that fails but once !
 al. But in the Gospel Christ appears,
 Pardoning the guilt of numerous years.

m. 4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
 Thy life and comfort from the Law :
 al. Fly to the hope the Gospel gives :—
 st. The man that trusts the promise lives.

7. L. M. *Uxbridge. Alfreton.*

The Gospel's joyful sound.

di. **C**OME, dearest Lord, who reignest above,
 And draw me with the cords of love !
 al. And while the Gospel does abound,
 "O, may I know the joyful sound !"

2 Sweet are the tidings, free the grace,
 It brings to our apostate race :

It spreads a heavenly light around ;
 "O, may I know the joyful sound!"

an. 3 The Gospel bids the sin-sick soul
 Look up to Jesus and be whole ;
 In him are peace and pardon found ;
 cr. "O, may I know the joyful sound!"

4 It stems the tide of swelling grief,
 Affords the needy soul relief ;
 Releases those by Satan bound ;
 "O, may I know the joyful sound!"



CHRIST.

S. 11.10.11.10. *Hail the blest morn.*

Birth of Christ.

HAIL, the blest morn, see the great Mediator
 Down from the regions of glory descend !
 Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger ;
 Lo ! for his guard the bright angels attend.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining ;
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall ;
 Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining ;
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Eden, and offerings divine,
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold would his favour secure ;
 Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration ;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Low, at his feet, we in humble prostration,
 Lose all our sorrow, and trouble, and strife ;
 There we receive his divine consolation,
 Flowing afresh from the Fountain of Life !

6 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
 Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer was laid.

9. C. M. *Clarendon. Paradise.*

Christ's Nativity.

al. **M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join,
 And chant the solemn lay;
 Joy, love and gratitude combine
 To hail the auspicious day.

p. 2 Wrapt in the silence of the night,
 The world in darkness lay,
 f. When sudden, glorious, heavenly light
 Burst in a flood of day.

3 Hark! the cherubick armies shout,
 And glory leads the song:
 Good will and peace are heard throughout
 The harmonious heavenly throng.

p. 4 O for a glance of heavenly love,
 Our hearts and songs to raise!
 Sweetly to bear our souls above,
 And mingle with their lays.

cr. 5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
 f. "Glory to God on high;
 Good will and peace are now complete,
 Jesus was born to die."

an. 6 Hail, Prince of light, for ever hail!
 Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
 Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
 f. Thy praise shall never end.

10. L. M. *Hebron. German Hymn.*

The Saviour's Love.

al. **S**OFT be the gently breathing notes,
 That sing the Saviour's dying love;

Soft as the evening zephyr floats,
Soft as the tuneful lyres above.

2 Soft as the morning dew descend,
While the sweet lark exulting soars;
So soft, to your Almighty Friend,
Be every sigh your bosom pours.

3 Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad;
Pure as the lucid car of day,
That wide proclaims its Maker, God.

4 True as the magnet to the pole,—
So true let your contrition be—
So true let all your sorrows roll,
To Him who bled upon the tree.

11. 11s. 4 lines. *Hinton.*

Great and precious promises.

al. **H**OW firm a foundation,
Ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith
In his excellent word;
What more could his mercy
And goodness have said,
To those who for refuge
To Jesus have fled?

af. 2 Fear not, he is with thee,
O, be not dismayed;
For he is thy God,
And will give thee his aid:
He'll strengthen thee, help thee,
And cause thee to stand,
Upheld by his gracious,
Omnipotent hand.

3 When through the deep waters,
He calls thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow
Shall ne'er overflow;

His presence shall guide thee,
 His mercy shall bless,
 And sanctify to thee
 Thy deepest distress.

4 When through fiery trials
 Thy pathway is laid,
 His grace, all-sufficient,
 Shall lend thee its aid;
 The flame shall not hurt thee;
 He does but design
 Thy dross to consume,
 And thy gold to refine.

5 His people, through life,
 Shall abundantly prove
 His sovereign, eternal,
 Unchangeable love:
 When age with gray hairs
 Shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still
 In his bosom be borne.

6 The soul on the Saviour
 That leans for repose,
 Is safe from th' assaults
 Of its bitterest foes:
 st. That soul—though all Hell
 Should in tumult awake,
 cr. He'll never—no never—
 No never forsake.

12. 7s. 6 lines. *Mount Calvary.*

Learning of Christ.

af. **G**O to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel the tempter's power,
 Your Redeemer's conflict see,
 Watch with him one bitter hour;
 Turn not from his griefs away,
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment hall,
 View the Lord of life arraigned;
 O, the wormwood and the gall!
 O, the pangs his soul sustained!
 Shun not suffering, shame nor loss;
 Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
 There adoring at his feet,
 Mark that miracle of time,
 God's own sacrifice complete:
 'It is finished,' hear him cry:
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
 Where they laid his breathless clay,—
 All is solitude and gloom,—
 Who hath taken him away?

al. Christ is risen; he meets our eyes!
 di. Saviour, teach us so to rise.

13. C. M. *St. Martins. Clarendon.*

Redeeming love.

dl. **Y**E saints, assist me in my song—
 Let all your passions move;
 To Jesus all the notes belong—
 I sing redeeming love.

2 Opposing spirits 'gainst his cross,
 Their force united prove;
 But quit the field with mighty loss,
 Crush'd by redeeming love.

3 Around the circle of his friends,
 His tender passions move;
 And while he liv'd, his constant theme
 Was still redeeming love.

4 Gently he raised his sacred hands,
 Before his last remove:
 p. And the last whisper of his tongue,
 Sigh'd forth redeeming love.

- cr. 5 Thro' life's wide waste, with weary feet,
In darkness I may rove ;
af. But never can my heart forget
Redeeming, dying love.
- 6 Oh, that before his sacred throne,
I all its sweets may prove ;
al. Still as my pleasures rise, my song
Shall be redeeming love.

14. 8.7.8.7. *Sicilian. Greenville.*

Covenant Love.

FAR beyond all comprehension,
Is Jehovah's Cov'nant love :
Who can fathom its dimension,
Or its unknown limits prove ?

2 Ere the earth upon its basis,
By creative power was built,
His designs were wise and gracious,
For removing human guilt.

3 He displayed his grand intention,
On the mount of Calvary ;
When he died for our redemption,
Lifted high upon the tree.

af. 4 Oh ! how sweet to view the flowing
Of his soul-redeeming blood !
With divine assurance knowing
That it made my peace with God.

m. 5 Truly thou will bring to heaven,
All thy chosen, ransomed race,
Who to thee, their head, were given,
In the Covenant of grace.

15. H. M. *Haddam. Amherst.*

Immanuel.

p.st. **H**ARK—hark—what notes of joy,
Roll o'er the heavenly plains !

And seraphs find employ,
For their sublimest strains.

cr. Some new delight in heaven is known,
f. Loud ring the harps around the throne.

p.st. 2 Hark—hark—the sounds draw nigh,
The joyful hosts descend;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend;

cr. He comes to bless our fallen race,
f. He comes with messages of grace.

st. 3 Bear—bear the tidings round,
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show.—

cr. Ye winds that blow—ye waves that roll,
f. Bear the glad news from pole to pole!

st. 4 Strike—strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name;
Arise, ye sons of men,
And loud his grace proclaim.

cr. Angels and men, wake every string,
f. 'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing!.

16. C. M. *Peterborough. Arlington.*

The object of Christ's advent.

al. COME, happy souls—approach your God
With new, melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

dl. 2 So strange—so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With an avenging rod;

Some dread commission to perform—
From an offended God.

- an.p. 4 But all was mercy—all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.
- af. 5 Here, sinners you may heal your wounds ;
And wipe your sorrows dry ;
- cr. Come, trust the mighty Saviour's name,
f. And you shall never die.
- f. 6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace ;
- an. We bless the great Redeemer's love
And give the Father praise.

17. L. M. *German Air. Uxbridge.*

Divine glory displayed in the person of Christ.

- st. **N**OW to the Lord a nobler song!
Awake, my soul—awake, my tongue ;
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- dl. 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace ;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- al. 3 Grace!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme—
My soul exults in Jesus' name!
- f. Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!
- m.st. 4 Oh! may I reach that happy place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

18. L. M. *Truro. Effingham.*

Humiliation and exaltation of Christ.

al.f. **N**OW for a tune of lofty praise
 To great Jehovah's equal Son!
 Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
 Tell loud the wonders he hath done.

2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
 And those bright robes he wore above :
 And swift and joyful was his flight,
 On wings of everlasting love !

af. 3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
 Th' almighty captive prisoner lay—

al. Th' almighty captive left the earth,
 And rose to everlasting day.

ff. 4 Among a thousand harps and songs,
 Jesus, the God, exalted reigns ;
 His sacred name fills all their tongues,
 And echoes through the heavenly plains !

19. S. M. *How heavy is the night.*

Efficacy of Christ's atonement.

af. **H**OW heavy is the night
 That hangs upon our eyes,
 al. Till Christ, with his reviving light,
 Over our souls arise !

af. 2 Our guilty spirits dread
 To meet the wrath of Heaven.
 al. But, in his righteousness arrayed,
 We see our sins forgiven.

st. 3 Unholy and impure
 Are all our thoughts and ways :
 His hands infected nature cure
 With sanctifying grace.

cr. 4 The powers of hell agree
 To hold our souls in vain :

He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

- di. 5 Lord, we adore thy ways,
To bring us near to God ;
al. Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thy atoning blood.

20. 7.6.7.6.7.7.6. *Mendon.*

Christ and him crucified.

- m. **V**AIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good ;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood ;
All thy pleasures I forego—
All thy wealth, and all thy pride :
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.
- 2 Turning to my rest again,
The Saviour I adore ;
He relieves my grief and pain,
And bids me weep no more :
Rivers of salvation flow
From his head, his hands, his side :
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.
- 3 Him to know, is life and peace,
And pleasure without end ;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend, —
Daily in his grace to grow,
In his favour to abide :
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

21. C. M. *Marlow. Arlington.*

Christ, the Lamb of God.

SINNERS behold the Lamb of God,
Who takes away our guilt ;

Look to th' atoning precious blood,
That for our sins he spilt.

2 Sinners, to Jesus now draw near,
Invited by his word ;
The chief of sinners need not fear,
"Behold the Lamb of God."

3 Backsliders, too, the Saviour calls,
And washes in his blood ;
Arise—return from grievous falls ;
"Behold the Lamb of God."

4 In every state, and time, and place,
Nought plead but Jesus' blood ;
However wretched be your case,
"Behold the Lamb of God."

di. 5 Spirit of grace, to us apply
Immanuel's precious blood,
That we may, with the saints on high,
"Behold the Lamb of God."

22. 8.7.4. *Tamworth.*

"Good tidings of great joy."

st. ANGELS! from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth :
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds! in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night ;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the heavenly light :
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

- 3 Saints! before the altar bending,
 Watching long in hope and fear,
 al. Suddenly the Lord, descending,
 In his temple shall appear:
 Come and worship—
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- af. 4 Sinners! wrung with true repentance,
 Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
 cr. Justice now revokes the sentence,
 p.st. Mercy calls you, (*f.st.*) break your chains: .
 m. Come and worship—
 cr. Worship Christ, the new-born King.

23. L. M. *Kingsbridge. German Hymn.*

View of the cross.

- af. **W**HEN I the blest Redeemer see,
 All bleeding on th' accursed tree;
 ex. Satan and sin no more can move,
 For I am all transformed to love.
- af. 2 His thorns and nails pierce thro' my heart,
 In every groan I bear a part;
 I view his wounds with streaming eyes—
 p. But see! he bows his head and dies!
- af. 3 Come, sinners—view the Lamb of God,
 Wounded, and dead, and bathed in blood!
 Behold his side, and venture near,
 al. The spring of endless life is here.
- 4 Here I forget my cares and pains—
 I drink, and yet my thirst remains—
 Only the fountain-head above,
 Can satisfy the thirst of love.
- 5 Oh, that I thus could always feel!
 di. Lord, more and more thy love reveal!
 vi.f. My tongue with joy shall then proclaim
 The grace and glory of thy name,

24. 8.7.8.7. *Saxony. Welch.*

Ancient of days.

- di. **L**ORD of every land and nation,
 Ancient of eternal days!
 Sounded through the wide creation
 Be thy just and lawful praise.
- 2 Brightness of the Father's glory,
 Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
- al.f. Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
 Sing the Lord who came to die.
- m. 3 Did the angels sing thy coming?
 Did the shepherds learn their lays?
- an. Shame would cover me ungrateful,
 Should my tongue refuse to praise.
- 4 From the highest throne in glory,
 To the cross of deepest woe!
 All to ransom guilty captives—
- al. Flow, my praise, for ever flow!
- di. 5 Go, return, immortal Saviour!
 Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
 Thence return, and reign forever;
- cr. Be the kingdom all thy own!

25. L. M. *Pilesgrove. Willis.*

Characters of Christ.

- dl. **W**HAT various, lovely characters,
 The condescending Saviour bears!
 All human virtues, all divine,
 In him unite—in splendour shine.
- 2 The Corner-stone on which we build;
 The Balm by which our souls are healed;
 The Morning Star, whose cheering ray
 Dispels the shades, and brings the day.
- 3 He is the burdened sinner's Rest;
 Our Prophet, and atoning Priest;

Our Advocate before the throne,
Who with our prayers presents his own.

4 He is our Captain and our Guide;
The Friend, the Husband of the bride;
The Counsellor, the Prince of Peace;
The Lord our strength and righteousness;

5 The Fountain whence our blessings flow;
A Lamb, and yet a Lion too;
The Sun for light and guidance given;
The Door which opens into heaven.

6 He is the Shepherd of the sheep,
Who does his flock in safety keep;
The Conqueror he, the Judge of men:
The Faithful Witness, the Amen!

26. C. M. *St. Martins. St. Alban's.*

Christ's Intercession.

- m. **L**IFT up your eyes to th' heavenly seats,
Where your Redeemer stays:
p. Kind Intercessor—there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.
- ex. 2 'Twas well, my soul, he died for thee,
And shed his vital blood,
Appeased stern justice on the tree,
And then arose to God.
- al. 3 Petitions now, and praise may rise,
And saints their offerings bring,
'The Priest, with his own sacrifice,
Presents them to the King.
- p. 4 Jesus alone shall bear my cries
Up to his Father's throne:
He, dearest Lord, perfumes my sighs,
And sweetens every groan.
- al. 5 Ten thousand praises to the King,
ff. "Hosanna in the highest!"

- f. Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
To God, and to his Christ.

27. 7s & 6s. 8 lines. *Missionary Hymn.*

Reflections on the passion of Christ.

From the German hymn, "O Haupt! voll blut und wunden."

- af. **O** SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and pain weigh'd down!
How scornfully surrounded
With thorns—thy only crown!
O, sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn:
How does that visage languish,
Which one was bright as morn.
Thy grief and thy compassion
Were all for sinners' gain;
Mine, *mine* was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.

- vi. 3 What language shall I borrow
To praise thee, heav'nly Friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,—
Thy pity without end!

- di. Lord, make me thine for ever,
Nor let me faithless prove;
O let me never, never
Abuse such dying love.

- af. 4 Forbid that I should leave thee;
O Jesus, leave not me;
By faith, I would receive thee;
Thy blood can make me free;
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart;
Release me then from anguish,
By thine own wounded heart.

28. L. M. *Meinecke. Old Hundred.*

The reign of Christ.

al.f **H**E reigns! the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
 Praise him in evangelick strains:
 Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
 And distant islands join their voice.

an. 2 Deep are his counsels and unknown;
 But grace and truth support his throne:
 Though gloomy clouds his ways surround,
 Justice is their eternal ground.

mæ. 3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
 Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs;
 Before him burns devouring fire,
 The mountains melt, the seas retire.

an. 4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
 Fly from the sight and shun the day;
 f. Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
 And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

29. C. M. *St. Martins. Barby.*

Christ the all-sufficient Saviour.

dl. **T**HE Saviour! O what endless charms
 Dwell in the blissful sound!
 Its influence every fear disarms,
 And spreads sweet comfort round.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
 In rich effusion flow,
 ex. For guilty rebels lost in sin,
 And doomed to endless woe.

p. 3 Th' almighty Former of the skies,
 Stooped to our vile abode!
 While angels viewed with wondering eyes,
 And hailed the incarnate God!

al.f. 4 O the rich depths of love divine!
 Of bliss a boundless store!

di. Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine ;
I cannot wish for more !

5 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall ;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all !

30. C. M. *Rochester. Devizes.*

Prayer for the sealing influences of the Spirit.

m. **S**OVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim ;
Nor, when I raise my guilty head,
Disdain a Father's name.

af. 2 My Father—God ! how sweet the sound !
How tender—and how dear !

al. Not all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight my ear.

di. 3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart ;
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

al. 4 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe ;

dim. And Abba, Father, humbly cry ;
cr. Nor can the sign deceive.

31. L. M. *Castle Street. Uxbridge.*

Gracious Influences of the Spirit.

af. **G**REAT God, and shall thy Spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine ?
Unworthy dwelling!—glorious guest!--
How great the favour!—how divine!

2 When sin prevails—and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night,
Lord, can thy Spirit then be here—
Great spring of comfort, life, and light ?

- al. 3 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh!
 'Tis he sustains my fainting heart!
 Else would my hope forever die,
 And every cheering ray depart.
- 4 And, when my cheerful hope can say,
 "I love my God, and taste his grace,"
 Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
 Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?
- 5 Let thy good Spirit in my heart
 Forever dwell—O God of love!—
 And light and heavenly peace impart—
 Sweet earnest of the joys above.

32. L. M. *Effingham. German Hymn.*

Influences of the Spirit.

- af. **B**REATHE, Holy Spirit, from above,
 Until our hearts with fervour glow:
 Oh! kindle there a Saviour's love,
 True sympathy with human woe.
- 2 Bid our conflicting passions cease,
 And terror from each conscience flee;
 Oh, speak to every bosom peace,
 Unknown to all who know not thee.
- cr. 3 Give us to taste thy heavenly joy,
 Our hopes to brightest glory raise;
 Guide us to bliss without alloy,
 And tune our hearts to endless praise.

33. L. M. *Hebron. Forest.*

Desiring the Influences of the Holy Spirit.

- af. **S**PIRIT of peace! immortal Dove!
 Here let thy gentle influence reign:
 Come, fill my soul with heavenly love,
 And all the graces of thy train.
- dl. 2 Not all the sweets beneath the sky,
 Nor corn, nor oil, nor richest wine,

Could raise my tuneful song so high,
Or yield me pleasures so divine.

3 Blest with thy presence, I could meet
Death, though in all his terrours drest ;
Nor, while I taste a joy so sweet,
One fear disturb my peaceful breast.

4 Spirit of peace! Immortal Dove!
Here let thy gentle influence reign :
Come, fill my soul with heavenly love,
And all the graces of thy train.

34. S. M. *Kersall. Aylesbury.*

Invocation of the Holy Spirit.

p.dl. **C**OME, Holy Spirit, come!
Let thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us all of sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood ;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,

cr. To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.

4 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove ;

f. And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never dying love.

35. S. M. *St. Thomas. Sutton.*

"The Spirit and the Bride say come."

an. **T**HE Spirit in our hearts,
Is whispering, 'Sinner, come ;'
The bride, the church of Christ proclaims
'To all his children, 'come!'

2 Let him that heareth say
 To all about him, 'come!'
 Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
 To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
 Oh, let him freely come,
 And freely drink the stream of life;
 'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
 Declares 'I quickly come:.'
 di. Lord, even so! we wait thy hour;
 O, blest Redeemer, come!

36. 7.7.7.7. *Norwich. Fairfax.*

Influences of the Holy Spirit implored.

af. **H**OLY Ghost, with light divine,
 Shine upon this heart of mine!
 Chase the shades of night away,
 Turn the darkness into day.

2 Let me see my Saviour's face,
 Let me all his beauties trace;
 Show those glorious truths to me,
 Which are only known to thee.

3 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
 Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
 Long has sin without controul,
 Held dominion o'er my soul.

4 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
 Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
 Bid my many woes depart,
 Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

5 Holy Spirit, all divine,
 Dwell within this heart of mine;
 Cast down every idol throne,
 Reign supreme—and reign alone.

37. C. M. *Bangor. Walsal. Georgia.*

Prayer for the Spirit's influence.

af. **G**REAT God, before thy mercy seat
 Abased, in dust I fall ;
 My crimes of complicated guilt,
 Aloud for judgment call.

2 I own my ways to be corrupt,
 My duties stained with sin ;
 Make thou my broken spirit whole,
 My burdened conscience clean.

di. 3 Lord, send thy Spirit from above,
 Implant a holy fear ;
 And through thine all-abounding grace
 Bring thy salvation near.

4 On my distressed, benighted soul,
 Oh, cause thy face to shine ;
 Make me to hear thy pardoning voice,
 And tell me I am thine.

38. C. M. *Dundee. St. Martins.*

Praying for the Spirit.

di. **N**OW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
 And make thy glory known ;
 Now let us all thy presence feel,
 And soften hearts of stone.

2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
 And plead a Saviour's name ;
 For all that we can call our own,
 Is vanity and shame.

3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
 That saints may love thee more ;
 That sinners now may learn to love,
 Who never loved before.

cr. 4 And when before thee we appear,
 In our eternal home,
 May growing numbers worship here,
 And praise thee in our room.

39. S. M. *Aylesbury. Little Marlborough.*

Intercession for the Spirit's influence.

af. **B**LEST Comforter divine!
 Let rays of heavenly love
 Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
 And guide our souls above.

2 Draw, with thy still, small voice,
 Us from each sinful way;
 And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
 Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath
 Make every cloud of care,
 And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
 A smile of glory wear.

4 Oh, fill thou every heart,
 With love to all our race!
 Great Comforter, to us impart
 These blessings of thy grace.

40. C. M. *Peterborough. Rochester.*

God's Spirit will not always strive.

ex. **Q**UENCH not the Spirit of the Lord,
 The Holy One from heav'n;
 The Comforter, belov'd, ador'd;
 To man in mercy giv'n.

2 Quench not the Spirit of the Lord;
 He will not always strive:
 O, tremble at that awful word;
 Sinner! awake and live.

3 Quench not the Spirit of the Lord,
 It is thy only hope:

O let his aid be now implor'd ;
Let prayer be lifted up.

- dl. 4 Grieve not the Spirit of the Lord,
Heirs of redeeming grace ;
With grateful hearts his love record,
Whose presence fills the place.

41. S. M. *Watchman. Dover.*

Morning Prayer Meeting.

- dl. **H**OW sweet the melting lay
Which breaks upon the ear,
When at the hour of rising day
Christians unite in prayer.

- p. 2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne ;
He listens to their heaving sighs,
And sends his blessings down.

- cr. 3 So Jesus rose to pray,
Before the morning light ;
Once, on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.

- f. 4 Glory to God on high,
Who sends his blessings down
To rescue souls condemn'd to die,
And make his people one.

42. L. M. *Hebron. Forest.*

The Sabbath.

- dl. **L**ORD of the Sabbath and its light,
I hail thy hallowed day of rest ;
It is my weary soul's delight,
The solace of my care-worn breast.

- 2 Its dewy morn, its glowing noon,
Its tranquil eve, its solemn night,
Pass sweetly ; but they pass too soon,
And leave me saddened at their flight.

- 3 Yet, sweetly as they glide along,
And hallowed though the calm they yield,
al. Transporting though their rapturous song,
And heavenly visions seem revealed :—
- p. 4 My soul is desolate and drear,
My silent harp untuned remains,
af. Unless, my Saviour, thou art near,
To heal my wounds, and soothe my pains.
- di. 5 O Jesus, ever let me hail,
Thy presence with the day of rest,
Then will thy servant never fail
To deem thy Sabbath doubly blest.

43. 7.7.7.7. *Alma. Pilgrim.*

Seeking a blessing on Public Worship.

- di. **I**N thy presence we appear ;
Lord, we love to worship here—
Here, within the veil, we meet
Thee upon thy mercy seat.
- 2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Touch our lips—unloose our tongue,
cr. Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, “the Lord our righteousness.”
- p. 3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend ;
Hear us, when thy Spirit pleads,
Hear—for Jesus intercedes.
- an. 4 While thy word is heard with awe,
And we tremble at thy law,—
dl. Let the gospel’s wond’rous love
All our doubts and fears remove.

44. C. M. *Flushing. Rochester.*

Sabbath morning.

- vi. **A** GAIN the Lord of Life and Light
Awakes the kindling ray;

Dispels the darkness of the night,
And pours increasing day.

dim. 2 O what a night was that which wrapp'd
A sinful world in gloom!

cr. O what a sun that broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung :
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

f. 4 Ten thousand, thousand lips shall join,
To hail this welcome morn ;
Which scatters blessings from its wings,
To nations yet unborn.

45. 7s. 6 lines. *Nuremburgh. Sing my soul.*

Prayer Meeting.

dl. O 'TIS sweet to mingle, where
Christians meet for social prayer ;
O, 'tis sweet, with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise ;

al. Then how blest that state must be,
Where they meet eternally.

di. 2 Saviour, let these meetings prove
Scenes of fervent christian love ;
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace,
Till we, each in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

46. C. M. *Resignation. Flushing.*

Jesus on the Mercy Seat.

an. NO, never shall my heart despond,
Long as my lips can pray ;

dl. My latest breath, with effort fond,
Shall pass in prayer away.

- 2 There is a heavenly mercy seat
To calm the sinner's fears ;
af. There is a Saviour, at whose feet
The mourner dries his tears.
- 3 When friends depart, and hopes are riven,
And gathering storms I see,
My soul is but the sooner driven,
di. Eternal Rock, to thee.
- al. 4 O for a voice of sweeter sound,
For every wind to bear ;
To teach the listening world around
The blessedness of prayer.

47. H. M. *Haddam. Lenox.*

Sabbath morning.

- al. **W**ELCOME, delightful morn !
Thou day of sacred rest ;
I hail thy kind return ;
Lord make these moments blest.
From low delight, and mortal toys,
f. I soar to meet eternal joys.
- di. 2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace ;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face ;
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.
- al. 3 Descend, Celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers ;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours ;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

48. 8.7.8.7. *Saxony. Sicilian Hymn.*

Close of Worship.

- al. **P**RAISE the Lord, by whose kind favour
 Heavenly truth has reached our ears ;
 May its sweet, reviving savour
 Cheer our hearts and calm our fears !
- 2 **TRUTH**—how sacred is the treasure !
- di. Teach us, Lord, its worth to know ;
- m. Vain the hope, and short the pleasure,
 Which from other sources flow.
- 3 What of truth we've now been hearing,
- di. Fix, O Lord, in every heart ;
 In the day of thine appearing,
 May we share thy people's part.
- 4 Till thou take us hence forever,
 Saviour, guide us with thine eye ;
 This our aim, our sole endeavour,—
 Thine to live and thine to die !

49. C. M. *Flushing. Peterborough.*

Presence of God sought in his sanctuary.

- m. **A** GAIN our earthly cares we leave,
 And to thy courts repair ;
- al. Again with joyful feet we come,
 To meet our Saviour here.
- 2 Within these walls let holy peace,
 And love and concord dwell ;
- af. Here give the troubled conscience ease—
 The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 The feeling heart—the melting eye—
 The humble mind bestow ;
- an. And shine upon us from on high,
 To make our graces grow.
- 4 May we in faith receive thy word,
 In faith present our prayers ;

And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

- af. 5 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise ;
cr. And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

50. L. M. *Old Hundred. Effingham.*

Encouragement to prayer.

- an. **L**ORD, how shall wretched sinners dare
Look up to thy divine abode,
Or offer their imperfect prayer
Before a just and holy God?

2 Bright terrors guard thine awful seat,
And dazz'ling glories veil thy face ;

- dl. Yet mercy calls us to thy feet ;
Thy throne is still a throne of grace.

- di. 3 Oh! may our souls thy grace adore ;
May Jesus plead our humble claim,
While thy protection we implore,
In his prevailing, glorious name.

4 Let past experience of thy care
Support our hope—our trust invite ;
Again attend our humble prayer ;—
Let mercy still be thy delight.

51. C. M. *St. Martins. Flushing.*

Access to the Throne of Grace.

- an.p. **C**OME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood,
That calmed his frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turned the wrath to grace,

3 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord ;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

4 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss,
Are opened by the Son ;

cr. High let us raise our notes of praise,
f. And reach the eternal throne.

5 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high ;
And glory to the Almighty King

dim. That lays his fury by.

52. 8s & 7s. 6 lines. *Greenville.*

Desiring the presence of the Saviour.

al. **T**HOU who slept in Bethlehem's manger,
On thy virgin mother's knee ;
Blessed Jesus, heavenly stranger,
Here we wait to worship thee :—
cr. Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer,
May thy presence with us be.

af. 2 Though on earth, when sad and lonely,
Thou couldest find no place of rest ;
Here thou 'rt welcome, and thou only,
To each longing, waiting breast :
cr. Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Come and make thy children blest.

dl. 3 Thou who once on Calvary's mountain,
Died, thy chosen ones to save ;
Opening thus a healing fountain,
Where our sin-sick souls we lave :
cr. Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Now thy pard'ning love we crave.

an. 4 Thou who now art interceding,
On the Father's throne on high ;

Jesus, hear our humble pleading—

To each longing heart draw nigh:—

al.f. Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Never from our bosoms fly.

53. 7.7.7.7. *Harts. Pilgrim.*

Delights of Social Worship.

dl. **L**ORD of hosts, how lovely fair,
LE'en on earth, thy temples are!
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven, and much of thee.

2 From thy gracious presence flows,
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate thy throne,
Here thou mak'st thy glories known;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

4 Thus with sacred songs of joy
We our happy lives employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

54. L. M. *Accomack. Forest.*

Closet Hymn.

af. **W**HEN, O my Saviour, shall this heart
So feel the influence of thy grace,
That from thy cross 'twill ne'er depart;
But live around that hallowed place!

2 The brightest scenes of earth are dim,
If Jesus be not with me there;
All worldly joys compared with him,
Seem vain as fleeting shadows are.

3 O, could I live beneath his smile,
And lean upon his sacred breast,

No fond allurements should beguile
A heart so privileged—so blest.

4 Come, then, my Saviour, and constrain
This wayward soul, nor let it rove ;
Recall me to thine arms again,
And bind me there “ with chords of love.”

55. 8.7.4. *Greenville. Sicilian.*

Prayer for the success of a Preached Gospel.

m. **C**OME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed ;
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed :
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2 O may all enjoy the blessing,
Which thy words design to give ;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive ;
And forever

f. To thy praise and glory live.

56. C. M. *Flushing. Irish.*

Dead in trespasses and sins.

m. **H**OW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of her load !
The heart unchained can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue ?

di. 'Tis thine, Eternal Spirit, thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine, the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise ;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes ;—

57, 58. FALL AND HUMAN DEPRAVITY.

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven—a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

5 Oh! change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

57. L. M. *Bath. Berlin.*

Our ruin by Adam, and recovery by Christ.

af. **D**EEP in the dust before thy throne,
Our guilt and our disgrace we own;
Great God! we own the unhappy name,
Whence sprung our nature and our shame.

m. 2 But whilst our spirits, filled with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,

an. We sing the honours of thy grace,
That sent to save our ruined race.

3 We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who joined our nature to his own;
The second Adam, from the dust,
Raises the ruins of the first.

4 Where sin did reign, and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found

al.f. Abounding life; there glorious grace
Reigns through "the Lord our righteousness."

58. L. M. *Newry. Hebron.*

Christ our wisdom and righteousness.

m. **B**URIED in shadows of the night,
We lie till Christ restores the light;
cr. Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

af. 2 Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears;

cr. Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, "The Lord our righteousness."

m. 3 Our very frame is mixed with sin;
cr. His Spirit makes our nature clean;
Such virtues from his sufferings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

an. 4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
al. He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

di. 5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty all, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

59. L. M. *Hebron. Mienecke.*

Weeping and praying for transgressors.

an. **S**EE human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals poured on Jesus' name;
The Father wounded through the Son;
The world abused, the soul undone.

2 See the short course of vain delight,
Closing in everlasting night;
In flames that no abatement know,
Kindled by sin, the source of woe.

di. 3 My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying man;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the fire-brands from the flame.

p. 4 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves;
cr. Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

60. S. M. *Dover. St. Thomas.*

The heart---Jer. 17: 9.

an. **A**STONISHED and distressed,
 I turn mine eyes within;
 My heart with loads of guilt opprest,
 The seat of every sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
 What vile affections there!
 Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
 Pride, envy, slavish fear.

di. 3 Almighty King of saints,
 These tyrant lusts subdue;
 Dispel the darkness of my mind,
 And all my powers renew.

al. 4 This done, my cheerful voice
 f. Shall loud hosannas raise;
 My soul shall glow with gratitude,
 My lips proclaim thy praise.



REVIVALS.

61. S. M. *Cambridge. Old Leeds.*

Prayer for a revival.

di. **O**LORD, thy work revive,
 In Zion's gloomy hour,
 And let our dying graces live
 By thy restoring power.

2 O, let thy chosen few
 Awake to earnest prayer;
 Their covenant again renew,
 And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
 Through lips of humble clay,
 cr. Till hearts of adamant shall break,
 Till rebels shall obey.

- di. 4 Now lend thy gracious ear;
 Now listen to our cry;
 O, come and bring salvation near,
 Our souls on thee rely.

62. 7s. & 6s. 8 lines. *Romaine.*

Rejoicing in the conversion of the heathen.

- al. **T**HE morning light is breaking,
 The darkness disappears,
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears:
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar,
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
 In many a gentle shower,
 And brighter scenes before us
 Are opening every hour:
 Each cry to Heaven going,
 Abundant answers brings,
 And heavenly gales are blowing,
 With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above;
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel call obey,
 And seek the Saviour's blessing,
 A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay;

- cr. Stay not, till all the lowly,
 Triumphant reach their home,
 Stay not, till all the holy,
 Proclaim the Lord is come.

63. 7.7.7.7. *Alma. Alcester.*

Praise for a Revival.

- al. **F**OUNT of everlasting love!
 Rich thy streams of mercy are,
 Flowing freely from above ;
 Beauty marks their course afar.
- 2 Lo! thy church, thy garden now,
 Blooms beneath the heavenly shower ;
 Sinners feel, and melt, and bow ;—
 Mild, yet mighty, is thy power.
- di. 3 God of grace! before thy throne,
 Here our warmest thanks we bring ;
 Thine the glory, thine alone ;
- f. Loudest praise to thee we sing.
- an. 4 Hear, O hear, our grateful song ;
 Let thy spirit still descend ;
 Roll the tide of grace along,
 Widening, deepening to the end.

64. 7.7.7.7. *Pilgrim. Harts.*

Prayer for a Revival.

- di. **L**ORD, how large thy bounties are,
 Tender, gracious, sinner's friend!
 What a feast dost thou prepare,
 And what invitations send!
- 2 Now fulfil thy great design,
 Who didst first the message bring ;
 Every heart to thee incline ;—
- cr. Now "compel them to come in."
- an. 3 Rushing on the downward road,
 Sinners no compulsion need,—

Heaven to forsake, and God ;
See, they run with rapid speed !

dl. 4 Draw them back by love divine,
With thy grace their spirits win ;
Every heart to thee incline,
Now "compel them to come in."

5 Thus their willing souls compel,
Thus their happy minds constrain,
From the ways of death and hell,
Home to God and grace again.

6 Stretch that conquering arm of thine,
Once stretched out to bleed for sin ;
Every heart to thee incline,
Now "compel them to come in."

65. L. M. *Limehouse. Accomack.*

Prayer for a Revival.

di. COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love ;
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy God-like power be known.

2 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise ;
While all their glowing souls are borne,
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

3 Oh, let a holy flock await,
Numerous around thy temple gate ;
Each pressing on, with zeal, to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

4 In answer to our fervent cries,
Give us to see thy church arise ;
Or, if that blessing seem too great,
Give us to mourn its low estate,

66. C. M. *Georgia. Burford.*

The Church fasting and praying for a Revival.

an. **R**ETIRE, vain world, awhile retire,
 And leave us with the Lord ;
 Thy gifts ne'er fill one just desire,
 Nor lasting bliss afford.

di. 2 Blest Jesus! come now gently down,
 And fill this hallowed place ;
 O! make thy glorious goings known,—
 Diffuse around thy grace.

3 Shine, dearest Lord, from realms of day—
 Disperse the gloom of night ;
 Chase all our clouds and doubts away,
 And turn the shades to light.

4 Behold, and pity from above,
 Our cold and languid frame ;
 O! shed abroad thy quickening love,
 And we'll adore thy name.

5 All glorious Saviour! source of grace ;
 To thee we raise our cry ;
 Unveil the beauties of thy face,
 To every waiting eye.

6 Revive, O God! desponding saints,
 Who languish, droop, and sigh ;
 Refresh the soul that tires and faints—
 Fill mourning hearts with joy.

7 Make known thy power victorious King,
 Subdue each stubborn will ;
 Then, sovereign grace we'll join to sing,
 On Zion's sacred hill.

67. L. M. *Uxbridge. Newry.*

Prayer for a Revival.

di. **O** SUN of righteousness arise,
 With gentle beams on Zion shine ;

Dispel the darkness from our eyes,—
Awake our souls to life divine.

2 On all around, let grace descend,
Like heavenly dew or copious showers;
That we may call our God our friend;—
That we may hail salvation ours.

68. L. M. *Uxbridge. Nazareth.*

Christ will advance his cause.

af. **W**HILE I to grief my soul gave way,
To see the work of God decline,
Methought I heard the Saviour say—
an. “Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.

2 “Tho’ for a time I hid my face,
Rely upon my love and pow’r;
Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour.

3 “Take down thy long neglected harp,
I’ve seen thy tears and heard thy pray’r,
The winter season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair.”

vi. 4 Lord, I obey—my hopes revive:
Come, join with me, ye saints, and sing;
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.

69. C. M. D. *Retirement. Moravian Hymn.*

Church fellowship in a Revival-

dl. **O**UR souls by love together drawn,
Cemented, mix’d in one;
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,—
’Tis heav’n on earth begun:
vi. Our hearts have felt the Spirit’s pow’r,
And glowed with sacred fire;
While Jesus spoke, and fed, and blest,
And fill’d th’ enlarg’d desire.

- 2 A cloud of mercy rises still;
 The heav'ns are big with rain:
 Lord, hasten the celestial show'r,
 Nor let us plead in vain:
 Now, while the gentle drops descend,
 Pour down a mighty flood:
 f. Deluge the nations, shake the earth,
 Till all proclaim thee God.
- dim. 3 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
 To form thy starry crown;
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
 Proclaim'd by thee, thy own;
 dl. May we, a little band of love,
 We, sinners saved by grace,
 cr. From glory unto glory chang'd,
 Behold thee face to face.

70. 8.7.8.7. *Florence. Greenville.*

Zion comforted.

- af. **Z**ION, dreary and in anguish,
 Mid the desert hast thou stray'd!
 O, thou weary, cease to languish;
 Jesus shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Still lamenting and bemoaning,
 Mid thy follies and thy woes!
 Soon repenting and returning,
 All thy solitude shall close.
- 3 Though benighted and forsaken,
 Though afflicted and distress'd;
 His almighty arm shall waken;
 Zion's King shall give thee rest.
- vi. 4 Cease thy sadness unbelieving;
 Soon his glory shalt thou see!
 Joy and gladness, and thanksgiving,
 And the voice of melody.

3 Plead my cause, with power prevailing,
At the sovereign bar of God;
Save me from eternal wailing—
Save me from Jehovah's rod!

4 Lord of pity! see me languish
At thy feet, and bid me live;
Thou alone canst ease my anguish,—
Thou alone canst pardon give.

75. S M. *Aylesbury. Orange.*

Burden of Sin.

af. **A**H! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint;
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay!

3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

4 Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within;
Some idol which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.

di. 5 Jesus! the hind'rance show,
Which I have feared to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.

6 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

76. 7s. 6 lines. *Mount Calvary.*

Penitence at the Cross.

- af. **H**EARTS of stone, relent, relent,
H Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
 See his body, mangled—rent,
 Covered with a gore of blood;
 an. Sinful soul, what hast thou done!
 Murdered God's eternal Son!
- af. 2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
 Driv'n the nails that fixed him there;
 Crowned with thorns his sacred head,
 Pierced him with a soldier's spear;
 Made his soul a sacrifice,—
 For a sinful world he dies.
- an. 3 Will you let him die in vain?
 Still to death pursue your Lord?
 Open all his wounds again?
 Trample on his precious blood?
 No! with all my sins I'll part,—
 di. Saviour, take my broken heart.

77. 7s & 6s. 8 lines. *Missionary Hymn.*

Conviction of sin.

- an. **W**HY sinks my soul desponding?
 Why fill my eyes with tears?
 While nature all surrounding,
 The smile of beauty wears.
 Why burdened still with sorrow
 Is every lab'ring thought?
 Each vision that I borrow
 With gloom and sadness fraught?
- 2 The pleasures that deceived me,
 My soul no more can charm;
 Of rest they have bereaved me,
 And filled me with alarm;

The objects I have cherished
 Are empty as the wind ;
 My earthly joys are perished,—
 What comfort shall I find?

3 If inward still inquiring
 I turn my searching eye,
 Or upward now aspiring,
 I raise my feeble cry,—
 No heavenly light is beaming,
 To cheer my troubled breast ;
 No ray of comfort gleaming,
 To give my spirit rest.

4 My soul, from this dread anguish
 Is there no refuge nigh?—
 'Tis guilt that makes thee languish,
 And leaves thee thus to die :
 Renounce thy sin and folly
 Before the throne of grace,
 And make the Lord, most holy,
 Thy strength and righteousness.

78. 7.7.7.7. *Fairfax. Norwich.*

Deep contrition.

af. **J**ESUS, save my dying soul ;
 Make the broken spirit whole ;
 Humbled in the dust I lie ;
 Saviour, leave me not to die.

2 Jesus, full of every grace,
 Now reveal thy smiling face ;
 Grant the joy of sin forgiven,
 Foretaste of the bliss of heaven.

3 All my guilt to thee is known—
 Thou art righteous, thou alone.—
 All my help is from thy cross ;
 All beside I count but loss.

4 Lord, in thee I now believe ;
 Wilt thou—wilt thou not forgive?
 Helpless at thy feet I lie ;
 Saviour leave me not to die.

79. L. M. *German Hymn. Hebron.*

Pleading with Christ, the all-sufficient Physician.

di. **J**ESUS, the sinners' friend, to thee,
 Lost and undone for aid I flee ;
 Weary of earth, myself and sin ;
 Open thine arms and let me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul ;
 'Tis thou alone canst make me whole ;
 Dark, till in me thine image shine,
 And lost I am till thou art mine.

3 The mansion for thyself prepare,
 Dispose my heart by entering there ;
 'Tis this alone can make me clean ;
 'Tis this alone can cast out sin.

4 What shall I say thy grace to move?
 Lord, I am sin, but thou art love ;
 I give up every plea beside,—
 Lord, I am lost, but thou hast died.

80. 8.7.8.7. *Sicilian Hymn. Greenville.*

Prayer for forgiveness.

di. **S**AVIOUR, hear us through thy merit,
 Lowly bending at thy feet ;
 O, draw near us by thy Spirit,
 Prostrate at the mercy seat.

2 Wretched, sinful, and unworthy ;
 Sick, and poor, and deaf, and blind :
 Oft unmindful while before thee,
 Of our need of such a friend.

3 O, how precious is the favour
 Of forgiveness through thy blood :

Come thou gracious, bleeding Saviour,
Be our advocate with God.

4 For the joys of thy salvation,
Still we raise our cries to thee ;
Hear the voice of supplication,
Set our souls at liberty.

S1. H. M. *Lenox. Archangels.*

Submission to God.

an. **B**EFORE thy awful throne
Now, Lord, in dust we lie ;
And all our guilt bemoan
In tears of agony :
Thy law is right
That sends the soul
To weep and howl
In endless night.

af. 2 For sinners didst thou die,
To ransom them from woe ;
st. **T**HEY raised their hands on high,
THEY gave the deadly blow :
af. Ours is that stain :—
Christ for our guilt,
His blood has spilt,
By sinners slain.

3 And can he still forgive?
May rebels hear his voice,—
Repenting, turn and live,
And taste of heavenly joys?
an. Our souls shall bow,
Our hearts shall break,
Our tongues shall speak,
Our tears shall flow.

di. 4 O Lord, we will believe ;
Apply thy pard'ning blood ;

Our guilty souls receive,
 And wash them in that flood :
 an. We will be thine
 This blessed hour,
 And evermore
 Our souls resign.

82. C. M. *Adair. Marlow.*

Confession, prayer, and praise.

di. **L**ORD! when we bend before thy throne,
 And our confessions pour,
 af. Oh may we feel the sins we own,
 And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see ;
 True penitence impart :
 And let a healing ray from thee
 Beam hope in every heart.

3 When we disclose our hearts in prayer,
 Oh let our wills resign ;
 And not a thought our bosom share,
 Which is not wholly thine.

4 And when with heart and voice we strive,
 al. Our grateful hymns to raise,
 Let love divine within us live,
 And fill our souls with praise.

5 Then, on thy glories will we dwell,
 Thy mercies we'll review ;
 With love divine transported, tell—
 “ Thou, God, art Father too ! ”

83. C. M. *Buckingham. Burstal.*

Repentance in view of Christ's compassion.

at. **D**EAR Saviour! when my thoughts recall
 The wonders of thy grace,
 Low at thy feet, ashamed, I fall,
 And hide this wretched face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
 Ah! vile, ungrateful heart!
 By earth's low cares detained—betrayed
 From Jesus to depart:

3 From Jesus—who alone can give
 True pleasure, peace, and rest:
 When absent from my Lord, I live
 Unsatisfied, unblest.

an. 4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
 My wandering soul restores:
 He bids the mourning heart partake
 The pardon it implores.

di. 5 Oh! while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
 The humble, contrite sigh,
 Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
 With pity in thine eye!

an. 6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
 Rejoice to seek thy face;
 And, grateful, own how kind—how sweet
 Is thy forgiving grace.

84. 8.7.8.7. *Sicilian. Paesiello.*

Confession.

af. **M**ET, O God, to ask thy presence,
 Join our souls to seek thy grace;
 Oh, deny us not, nor spurn us,
 Guilty rebels from thy face.

2 All is sin, we own, our Father,
 All our lives are marked with guilt;
 Nought we plead our sins to cover,
 Save the blood that Jesus spilt.

3 We have wandered—long have wandered,
 Much we need thy chastening rod;
 But we come to own our folly:
 Heal and pardon, O our God.

- an. 4 May thy people wake from slumber,
Ere their lamps shall fall and die:
cr. Bridegroom of the Church, awake them!
f. Rouse them by the "midnight cry."
- ex. 5 Let conviction seize the careless,
Through their souls thine arrows dart;
Let thy truth, so long neglected,
Break and melt the flinty heart.
- af. 6 Oh, thou kind, forgiving Spirit,
Comforter, on thee we call!
Cheer the saint, alarm the sinner,
Oh, revive, revive us all.

85. L. M. *Kingsbridge. Armley.*

Surrendering the heart to Christ.

- af. **B**LEST Jesus! when thy cross I view,—
That mystery to the angelick host,—
I gaze with grief and rapture too,
And all my soul 's in wonder lost.
- 2 What strange compassion filled thy breast,
That brought thee from thy throne on high
To woes, that cannot be express'd,
To be despised, to groan and die!
- ex. 3 Was it for man, rebellious man,
Sunk by his crimes below the grave,
Who, justly doomed to endless pain,
Found none to pity or to save?
- 4 For man didst thou forsake the sky,
To bleed upon the accursed tree:
And didst thou taste of death to buy
Immortal life and bliss for me!
- cr. 5 Had I a voice to praise thy name,
Loud as the trump that wakes the dead,
Had I the raptured seraph's flame,
My debt of love could ne'er be paid.

86. L. M. Double.—*Dresden.*

Contrition, in view of the Cross.

- af. **F**AST flow my tears, the cause is great,
 This tribute claims an injur'd Friend;
 One whom I long pursu'd with hate,
 While he would love me to the end!
- ex. When justice frown'd above my head,
 And death its terrors round me spread,
 He interpos'd the wounds he bore,
 dim. And bade me live to die no more.

- af. 2 Fast flow my tears, yet faster flow,
 Streams copious as yon purple tide:
 Who was it gave the deadly blow?
 Who urg'd the hand that pierced his side?
- ex. My soul, thy Victim here behold,
 What pangs, what agonies untold,
 While justice, arm'd with pow'r divine,
 Pours on his head what's due to thine!
- af. 3 Fast, and yet faster flow my tears,
 Now break this heart and drown these eyes,
 His visage marr'd, tow'rd heav'n he rears,
 dim. And pleading for his murd'ers, dies!
- ex. My grief no measure knows, nor end,
 Till he appears the sinner's Friend,
- dl. And gives me in some happy hour,
 cr. To feel the risen Saviour's pow'r.

87. C. P. M. *Ganges.*

Conviction and the new birth.

- st. **A**WAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
 My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
 And knew not where to go:
 One solemn truth increas'd my pain—
 "The sinner must be born again,
 Or sink to endless wo."

2 How did the law its thunders roll,
While guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast, oppressive load!
All human aid I saw was vain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God.

dl. 3 I heard the saints with rapture tell
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
To bring salvation near:

ex. Yet would the dreadful truth remain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink in black despair.

dl. 4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The bleeding Saviour pass'd that way,
My bondage to remove;
The sinner once by justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

88. C. M. *Elgin. Burford.*

Penitence and submission.

di. OH! injur'd Majesty of heav'n!
Look from thy holy throne:
A prostrate rebel owns, with grief,
The treasons he hath done.

ex. 2 How shall I lift these guilty eyes
To my offended Lord?
Or how beneath his heaviest frown,
Pronounce one murmur'ing word?

af. 3 While love its grateful anthem swells,
Tears mingle with the song:
My heart with tender anguish bleeds,
That I such grace should wrong.

p. 4 Remorse and shame my lips have seal'd,
cr.ex. But, O my Father! speak;
f. And all the harmony of heav'n,
dim. Shall through the silence break.

89. 7.7.7.7. *Norwich. Nuremburgh.*

Expostulation with the sinner.

an. **S**INNER, is thy heart at rest?
 Is thy bosom void of fear?
 Art thou not by guilt oppress'd?
 Speaks not conscience in thine ear?

2 Can this world afford thee bliss?
 Can it chase away thy gloom?
 Flattering, false, and vain it is:—
 Tremble at the worldling's doom.

ex. 3 Think, O sinner, on thy end;
 See the judgment day appear!
 Thither must thy spirit wend;
 There thy righteous sentence hear.

af. 4 Wretched, ruin'd, helpless soul,
 To a Saviour's blood apply;
 He alone can make thee whole;
 Fly to Jesus,—sinner, fly?

90. H. M. *Bethesda. Haddam.*

The Gospel call.

af. **Y**E dying sons of men,
 Immerg'd in sin and wo,
 The gospel calls again,
 Its message is to you:
 Ye perishing and guilty come,
 In mercy's arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
 Nor vain excuses frame,
 Christ bids you come to-day,
 The poor, and blind, and lame:
 All things are ready, sinners, come,
 In mercy's arms there yet is room.

3 Compell'd by bleeding love,
 Ye wand'ring souls, draw near;
 He calls you from above,
 His melting accents hear:
 Oh! whosoever will, may come,
 In mercy's arms there yet is room.

91. 8.7.8.7. *Sicilian. Paesiello.*

Christ expostulating with sinners

JESUS stands, Oh, how amazing,—
 Stands and knocks at every door;
 In his hands ten thousand blessings,
 Proffer'd to the wretched poor!

af. 2 "See me bleeding, dying, rising,
 To prepare yon heavenly rest;
 Listen, while I kindly call you,
 Hear—and be forever blest.

3 "Will you spurn my richest mercy,
 Spurn—and sink to endless pain;—
 Or to realms of bliss and glory
 Rise, and with me ever reign?

4 "Now I have not come to judgement,
 To condemn your wretched race;
 But to ransom ruin'd sinners,
 And display unbounded grace.

5 "Will you plunge in endless darkness,
 There to bear eternal pain;—
 Or to realms of glorious brightness
 Rise—and with me ever reign?"

92. L. M. *Windham. Accomack.*

There is hope in Christ.

af. **I**S there no hope? O sinner, pause!
 Turn not away from heaven thy face,

Despise no more God's holy laws,
Resist not his inviting grace.

2 Is there no hope? That word recall,
Thy steps retrace, nor dare delay,
Lest, ere thou turn, God's anger fall,
And hope forever flee away.

3 Is there no hope? Yes, sinner, yes—
Repent, and to the Saviour fly:
Will he be deaf to your distress,
Who listens when the ravens cry?

4 Return!—the bow of promise mark
Above where Death's dark billows roar,
For soon--when sinks thy fragile bark,—
'Twill shine upon thy soul no more.

93. 11.11.11.11. *Hamilton.*

Delay not.

af. **D**ELAY not, delay not, O sinner draw near!
The waters of life are now flowing for thee:
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchas'd, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open'd, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleans'd in his pardoning
blood.

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day:
p. Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message unheeded will soon pass away.

cr. 4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of Grace,
dim. Long griev'd and resisted, may take its sad
flight,

p. And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

94. C. M. *Marlow. Arundel.*

Exhortation to immediate repentance.

st.f. **R**EPENT! the voice celestial cries,
 Nor longer dare delay :
 The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
 And meets the wrathful day!

2 Ye sinners, in his presence bow,
 And all your guilt confess ;
 Accept the offer'd Saviour now,
 Nor trifle with his grace.

ex. 3 Soon will the awful trumpet sound,
 And call you to his bar :
 For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
 And yields to vengeance there.

dl. 4 Oh, listen to the Saviour's call,
 While he prolongs your days :
 Now yield your hearts, and prostrate fall,
 And weep, and love, and praise.

95. 7.7.7.7. *Nuremburgh. Norwich.*

Expostulation with sinners.

af. **S**INNERS turn, why will you die?
 God your Maker asks you why ;
 God who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live.

2 Sinners turn, why will ye die?
 God your Saviour asks you why ;
 He who did your souls retrieve,
 Died himself that ye might live.

3 Sinners turn, why will ye die?
 p. God the Spirit asks you why ;
 cr. Many a time with you he strove,
 dim. Woo'd you to embrace his love ;

4 Will ye not his grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?

- af. Why will ye forever die,
O, ye guilty sinners, why?



INVITING.

96. L. M. *Windham. Averno.*

Expostulation.

- af. **S**INNER, oh why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
- ex. Daring to leap to worlds unknown!
Heedless against thy God to fly!
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's delusive dreams!
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?
- af. 3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains;
And hear the Lord of life unfold
The glories of his dying pains!—
Forever telling, yet untold!

97. C. P. M. *Ganges. Aithlone.*

A voice of warning.

- ex. **T**HAT warning voice, O sinner, hear,
And while salvation lingers near,
The heav'nly call obey;
Flee from destruction's downward path,
Flee from the threat'ning storm of wrath
That rises o'er thy way.
- 2 Soon night comes on with thick'ning shade,
The tempest hovers o'er thy head,
- cr. The winds their fury pour;
The light'nings rend the earth and skies,
The thunders roar, the flames arise,—
What terrors fill that hour!
- af. 3 That warning voice, O sinner, hear,
Whose accents linger on thine ear;
Thy footsteps now retrace;

Renounce thy sins and be forgiv'n,
Believe, become an heir of heav'n,
And sing redeeming grace.

- dl. 4 Then while a voice of pardon speaks,
dim. The storm is hush'd, the morning breaks,
The heav'ns are all serene ;
cr. Fresh verdure clothes the beauteous fields,
vi. Joy echoes from the distant hills,
New wonders fill the scene.

98. 11.10.11.10. *Come ye Disconsolate.*

The Mercy Seat.

- af. **C**OME ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy seat fervently kneel :
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
anguish ;
st. Earth has no sorrows that heav'n cannot heal.
dl. 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
st. Earth has no sorrows that heav'n cannot cure.
vi. 3 Here see the bread of life ; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, boundless in
love :
Come to the feast prepar'd ; come ever knowing
st. Earth has its sorrows, but heav'n can remove.

99. 7.7.7.7. *Pilgrim. Alma.*

Weary sinners invited to Christ.

- af. **C**OME, ye weary sinners, come,
All, who feel your heavy load ;
Jesus calls the wanderers home ;
Hasten to your pardoning God.
dl. 2 Jesus,—full of truth and love,
We thy kindest call obey,
Faithful let thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away :

- an. 3 Weary of this war within,
 Weary of this endless strife,
 Weary of ourselves and sin,
 Weary of a wretched life ;
- 4 Lo, we come to thee for ease,
 True and gracious as thou art ;
 Now our weary souls release,
 Write forgiveness on our heart.

100. L. M. *Hebron. Forest.*

Come and see.

- dl. JESUS. dear name, how sweet the sound,
 Replete with balm for every wound!
 His word declares his grace is free—
- an. Come, needy sinner, come and see.
- dl. 2 He left the shining courts on high,
 Came to our world to bleed and die :
- af. Jesus, the God, hung on a tree—
- ex. Come, careless sinner, come and see.
- af. 3 Your sins did pierce his bleeding heart,
 Till death had done its dreadful part :
 Yet his dear love still burns to thee—
 Come, anxious sinner, come and see.
- an. 4 His blood can cleanse the foulest stain,
 And make the filthy leper clean ;
 His blood at once availed for me—
 Come, guilty sinner, come and see.

101. *Armley. Limehouse.*

One thing is needful.

- an. TURN not away when Jesus pleads,
 But listen ' while 'tis call'd to-day,'
 E'en now he kindly intercedes,
 And woos thee from thy sins away.

2 The world will try to win thy choice,
And promise thee felicity,
But listen to thy Saviour's voice :
' One thing is needful,' ' follow me.'

3 Say to thy sinful joys, depart,
Henceforth, I'll live for God alone,
To thy Creator, yield thy heart
And Christ will for thy sins atone.

102. 6.5.6.5.6.6.6.5. *Poor wildered, &c.*

Come to Jesus.

af. **P**OOOR, wilder'd, weeping heart,
What can relieve thee?
Come, sinful as thou art,
Christ will receive thee.
Come, though with wo oppress'd,
Soft is the Saviour's breast,
There, may'st thou sweetly rest,
There, nought shall grieve thee.

2 Come, trembling, timid soul,
Why this delaying?

an. Thunders, that o'er thee roll,
Fall on thee straying.

ex. Turn from destruction's ways,
Turn to the throne of grace,
There, seek thy Father's face,
Weeping and praying.

3 ' Hence, guilty fear and doubt,
Leave me forever!

di. Lord, wilt thou cast me out?

ex. Never—Oh, never!

From unbelief of mind,
From thoughts to sin inclin'd,
From flesh and hell combin'd,
Thou wilt deliver.'

103. L. M.—6 lines. *Brighton.*

Peace and rest in God.

dl. **S**WEET as the shepherd's tuneful reed,
 From Zion's mount I heard the sound,
 Gay sprang the flow'rets of the mead,
 And gladdened nature smiled around:
 The voice of peace salutes mine ear,
 Christ's lovely voice perfumes the air.

2 Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
 Hath taught these rocks the notes of wo,
 Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
 And let thy tears forget to flow:
 Behold, the precious balm is found,
 To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

3 Come, freely come, by sin opprest,
 Unburthen here the weighty load;
 Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
 Safe on the bosom of thy God:
 Thy God's thy Saviour, glorious word!
 Forever love and praise the Lord.

104. C. M. *Arundel. Marlow.*

Christ's invitation to the heavy laden.

ALL ye, who feel distressed for sin,
 And fear eternal wo,
 You Christ invites to enter in—
 This hour to Jesus go!

2 He, by his own Almighty word,
 Will all your fears remove;
 For every wound his precious blood
 A sovereign balm shall prove.

f.st. 3 His conquering grace shall set you free
 From sin's oppressive chains,
 From Satan's hateful tyranny,
 And everlasting pains.

- af. 4 Come then, ye heavy-laden—come!
 His instant help implore:
 Millions have found a peaceful home—
 'There's room for millions more.

105. C. M. *Troy. St. Martins.*

Wanderers exhorted to return to Christ.

- dl. **R**ETURN, O wanderer—now return!
 And seek thy Father's face!
 Those new desires, which in thee burn,
 Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer—now return!
 He hears thy humble sigh:
 He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
 When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer—now return!
 Thy Saviour bids thee live:
 Go to his feet—and grateful learn
 How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer—now return!
 And wipe the falling tear:
 Thy Father calls—no longer mourn!
 'Tis love invites thee near.

106. 7s 6 lines.—*Harts. Nuremburgh.*

Christ's Invitation to Sinners.

- dl. **F**ROM the cross uplifted high,
 Where the Saviour deigns to die,
 vi. What melodious sounds we hear,
 Bursting on the ravished ear!—
 "Love's redeeming work is done—
 Come and welcome, sinner come!

- an. 2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
 Why beneath thy burdens groan?
 On my pierced body laid,
 Justice owns the ransom paid—

Jesus tells you,

“I'll in no wise cast you out.”

2 Hear the voice from Calvary given,
Breathing hope's undying strains;

Soft as balmy gales of even

Wafted over Sharon's plains—

“I, the Saviour,

Will in no wise cast you out.”

3 Go to Jesus Christ, the Saviour,

From your burthen he'll release—

Give you pardon, life and favour—

Hear the soothing voice of peace;

“O come hither,

I'll in no wise cast you out.”

4 He'll remove your pain and anguish,

And your soul to rapture raise;

Bid your heart no longer languish,

And attune your lips to praise:—

Your Redeemer

Will in no wise cast you out.

110. C. M. *Burford. Canterbury.*

Invitation to sinners.

af. **R**ETURN, O wand'rer, to thy home,
Thy father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery.

2 Return, O wand'rer to thy home,

'Tis Jesus calls for thee:

The Spirit and the Bride say, come:

O now for refuge flee.

3 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,

'Tis madness to delay;

ex. There are no pardons in the tomb,

And brief is mercy's day.

111, 112, 113 INVITING.

111. 7s. 6 lines. *Nuremburgh.*

Sinners exhorted.

- dl. **Y**E that in his courts are found,
List'ning to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Full of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.
- af. 2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View his bleeding sacrifice,
See in him your sins forgiv'n,
Pardon, holiness, and heav'n,
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

112. 7.7.7.7. *Harts. Nuremburgh.*

Christ's invitation to sinners.

- dl. **C**OME! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home—
Weary pilgrims! hither come.
- 2 Hither come—for here is found
Balm for every bleeding wound,
- p. Peace, which ever shall endure—
Rest, eternal—sacred—sure!

113. L. M. 6 lines.—*Zion.*

The voice of mercy.

- dl. **I** HEAR a sound that comes from far,
It fills my soul with joy and love;
Not seraph's voices sweeter are,
That echo through the courts above.
'Tis mercy's voice that strikes my ear,
It soothes my soul, and calms my fear.
- 2 From Calvary it sounds abroad,
To guilty rebels doom'd to die;—

It speaks of pardon bought with blood--
 Oh! sinners to this refuge fly;—
 The precious mercy now implore,
 For soon it will be heard no more.

114. L. M. *Forest. German Hymn.*

Rest for the weary penitent.

af. **C**OME, weary souls, with sin distress'd,
 Come and accept the promis'd rest,
 The Saviour's gracious call obey,
 And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppress'd with sin--a painful load,
 O come and spread your woes abroad:
 Divine compassion, mighty love,
 Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
 To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes:
 Pardon and life, and endless peace,—
 How rich the gift,—how free the grace!

115. 6s. 8 lines, with chorus.—*Scotland.*

Free Grace.

dl. **T**HE voice of free grace
 Cries, "Escape to the mountain,"
 For Adam's lost race,
 Christ has open'd a fountain;
 For sin and uncleanness—
 For every transgression,
 His blood flows most freely,
 In streams of salvation.

af. 2 Ye souls that are wounded,
 O, flee to the Saviour,
 He calls you in mercy;
 'Tis infinite favour:
 Your sins are increasing;
 Escape to the mountain—

His blood can remove them,
Which flows from the fountain.

- vi. 3 O, Jesus, ride on,
Triumphantly glorious,
O'er sin, death, and hell,
Thou art more than victorious!
Thy name is the theme
Of the great congregation,
While angels and men
Raise the shout of salvation.

Chorus.—Hallelujah to the Lamb!
Who hath purchas'd our pardon,
We'll praise him again,
When we pass over Jordan.



CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

116. 8s & 7s. 8 lines.—*Bavaria.*

Christian comfort.

- an. **T**EMPTED, tossed, troubled spirit,
Dost thou groan beneath thy load?
Fearing thou shalt not inherit
In the kingdom of thy God?
- af. View thy Saviour on the mountain,
In temptation's painful hour:
Though of grace himself the fountain,
And the Lord of boundless power.
- m. 2 Do thy blooming prospects languish?
Say'st thou still, "I'm not his child?"
- af. View thy Saviour's dreadful anguish,
Famish'd in the gloomy wild.
Not a step in all thy journey,
Through this gloomy vale of tears,
But the Lord hath trod before thee,
And thy way to glory clears.

3 Sinks thy soul in waves of sorrow,—
 Pass o'er Kedron's rolling flood,
 Witness there the doleful horror
 Of the suffering Son of God.
 On the chilly ground extended,
 Lo, he takes the bitter cup!
 With Almighty vengeance blended,
 Drinks the dreadful contents up.

4 Now the avenging sword pursues him
 Up to Calvary's rugged brow :
 There the wrath of God doth bruise him—
 ex. But my soul escapes the blow.
 al. Glory be to Christ the Saviour,
 Who hath bought us with his blood ;
 Glory to the blessed Spirit,
 Glory to the mighty God.

117. L. M. *Forest. Willis.*

The Mercy Seat.

dl. **F**ROM every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, and sure retreat,
 'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads,
 A place than all besides more sweet—
 It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

3 There! *there*, on eagle wing we soar,
 And sin and sense seem all no more,
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
 And glory crowns the mercy seat.

118. L. M. *Hebron. Forest.*

The River and Tree of Life.

dl. **T**HERE is a pure, and peaceful wave,
 That rolls around the throne of love:

Whose waters gladden as they lave
The bright and heavenly shores above.

2 While streams which on that tide depend,
Steal from those heavenly shores away ;
And on this desert world descend,
Over our barren land to stray ;—

p. 3 The pilgrim faint, and near to sink,
Beneath his load of earthly wo,
Refresh'd beneath its verdant brink,
Rejoices in its gentle flow.

dl. 4 There, O my soul, do thou repose,
And hover o'er the hallow'd spring ;
To drink the crystal wave ; and there,
To lave thy wounded, weary wing.

5 It may be, that the waft of love
Some leaves on that pure tide hath driven ;
Which, passing from the shores above,
Have floated down to us from heaven.

6 So shall thy wants and woes be heal'd,
By the blest influence they bring :
So thy parch'd lips shall be unseal'd,
Thy Saviour's worthy name to sing.

119. C. M. *Athens. Flushing.*

Brotherly love.

dl. **H**OW sweet and heav'nly is the sight,
When those that fear the Lord,
In mutual love and peace unite,
And thus fulfil his word :

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part ;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart :

3 When love in one delightful stream
Through every bosom flows,

And union sweet with fond esteem,
In every action glows :

4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above ;
And he's an heir of heav'n that finds
His bosom fill'd with love.

120. L. M. * *Ward. Hebron.*

Prayer for zeal.

af. **O** THOU who all things canst controul,
Chase this dead slumber from my soul,
With joy and fear, with love and awe,
Give me to keep thy perfect law.

2 O may one beam of thy blest light,
Shine through my soul, dispel the night ;
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,
With holy, conquering zeal inspire.

3 With lifted hands and streaming eyes,
Oft I begin to grasp the prize ;
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray ;
But, ah ! how soon it dies away !

4 The deadly slumber soon I feel,
Afresh upon my spirit steal :
Rise, Lord ; and grant thy quick'ning power,
And wake me that I sleep no more.

121. C. M. *Athens.*

Lord ! remember me.

af. **J**ESUS ! thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee ;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
Oh, Lord ! remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary ;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
 I yield myself to thee :
 While thou art sitting on thy throne,
 Oh Lord! remember me.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
 Yet thy salvation's free ;
 Then, in thy all abounding grace,
 Oh Lord! remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,
 Howe'er oppress'd I be,
 Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
 Do thou remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
 And creature helps all flee,
 ex. Then, Oh my great Redeemer, God!
 I pray, remember me.

122. C. M. *Peterborough. Mear.*

Hinder me not.

m. **I**N all my Lord's appointed ways,
 My journey I'll pursue ;
 Hinder me not, ye much loved saints,
 For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus leads,
 I'll follow where he goes ;
 Hinder me not shall be my cry,
 Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duty and through trials too,
 I'll go at his command :
 Hinder me not, for I am bound
 To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
 Still this my cry shall be,
 Hinder me not, come, welcome death,
 I'll gladly go with thee.

123. L. M. *Uxbridge. Sterling.*

Religion.

af. **O** COME, thou great and gracious Power,
Accept a home within my breast ;
My spirit cheer in every hour,
In every season give me rest.

2 O teach me well to know my heart,
My folly and my sin to see ;
On earth to bear a lowly part,
And give myself and all to thee.

3 Teach me to trust a Saviour's name,
To feel a Saviour's dying love ;
To be redeemed—be that my fame,—
My honours let me seek above.

4 When pleasure cheers and friendship smiles
And smoothly sweeps my bark along,
Then save me from the tempter's wiles,
Be thou my joy, be thou my song.

5 And when affliction's gloomy power
Shall shroud my soul in sad dismay ;
Rise thou, a star to cheer that hour,
And lead me through the darkened way.

6 And at the last, when ghastly death,
This life's short, brittle thread shall break,
Do thou attend my latest breath,
Thy Spirit clothe me when I wake.

7 And when around the judgment throne
The myriads of the earth shall meet,
O wilt thou then my spirit own,
And fill me with thy bliss complete !

124. C. M. *Nazareth. Marlow.*

Returning to Zion.

dl. **S**ING, all ye ransom'd of the Lord,
Your great Deliv'rer sing ;
D* 81

125, 126 CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

Ye pilgrims, now for Zion bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 His hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road ;
'Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

3 March on in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still ;
With joyful hope still fix your eye,
On Zion's heavenly hill.

125. C. M. *Bridgeport. Mear.*

The guests of the gospel feast. Luke, xiv. 17.

dl. **H**OW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors ;
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores.

2 While all our hearts, with joyful song,
Join to admire the feast ;
Each of us cries with thankful tongue,
" Lord, why was I a guest ?

ex. 3 " Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room ?
While thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come ? "

dl. 4 'Twas the same love which spread the feast,
That sweetly drew us in :
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

126. C. M. *Moravian Hymn. Clarendon.*

Not ashamed of Christ.

af. **D**EAR Lord, and will thy pardoning love
Embrace a wretch so vile ?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile ?

2 Hast thou the cross for me endured,
 And suffered all my shame?
 And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
 To own thy precious name?

f.st. 3 No, Lord—I'm not ashamed of thee,
 Nor of thy cause on earth—

af. Oh do not be ashamed of me,
 When I resign my breath,

f.st. 4 Be thou my shield—be thou my sun—
 Oh guide me all my days,
 And let my feet with joy still run
 In thy delightful ways.

127. C. M. *Somerville.*

Grateful remembrance of Christ.

IF human kindness meets return,
 And owns the grateful tie;
 If tender thoughts within us burn,
 To feel a friend is nigh,—

af. 2 Oh! shall not warmer accents tell
 The gratitude we owe
 To him who died, our fears to quell,
 And save from death and wo!

3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
 Those pangs he would not flee,
 What love his latest words displayed—
 "Meet and remember me!"

ex. 4 Remember thee!—thy death, thy shame—
 Our sinful hearts to share!

f. O memory! leave no other name
 But his recorded there!

128. 8s 7s. 8 lines.—*Bavaria.*

Light shining in darkness,

af. SAVIOUR, hast thou fled forever,
 From my tempest-riven breast?

Will thy gracious Spirit never
 Come and cheer and make me blest?
 Long, dear Lord, in silent sorrow,
 I have sighed to taste thy love ;
 Hoping on some sweet to-morrow,
 Thou wouldst all my guilt remove.

- vi. 2 Peace, my soul, thy Saviour hears thee,
 He will chase thy fears away ;
 'Tis his gracious presence cheers thee,
 Turning darkness into day.
 dl. Precious Saviour, have I found thee?
 Wilt thou then my portion be?
 Spread thy sheltering arms around me,
 Let me lean alone on thee.

3 Through this world, so dark and dreary,
 Be my constant friend and guide ;
 Hungry, thirsty, faint and weary,
 Keep me ever near thy side.

- cr. Blessed be his name forever,
 For his pardoning grace to me ;
 an. Sinners, doubt his promise never,
 Jesus' love is full and free.

129. 7s & 6s. 8 lines.—*Romaine. Mis. Hymn.*

The Christian looking forward.

- dl. **F**ROM every earthly pleasure,
 From every transient joy,
 From every mortal treasure
 That soon will fade and die ;
 No longer these desiring,
 Upwards our wishes tend,
 To nobler bliss aspiring,
 And joys that never end.

- 2 From every piercing sorrow,
 That heaves our breast to-day,

Or threatens us to-morrow,
 Hope turns our eyes away ;
 cr. On wings of faith ascending,
 We see the land of light,
 And feel our sorrows ending,
 In infinite delight.

3 'Tis true, we are but strangers,
 And sojourners below :
 And countless snares and dangers
 Surround the path we go :
 Though painful and distressing,
 Yet there's a rest above ;
 And onward still we're pressing,
 To reach that land of love.

130. 7s & 6s. 8 lines.—*Missionary Hymn.*

The Sun of Righteousness.

vi. **S**OMETIMES a light surprises
 The christian while he sings :
 The Lord of Life arises
 And his salvation brings.
 While comforts are declining,
 He sees us in distress ;
 Then heals us by his shining,
 The Sun of Righteousness.

2 In holy contemplation,
 We sweetly then pursue
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new :
 Then freed from care and sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 Let the unknown to-morrow
 Bring hither what it may.

3 Though vine nor fig tree either
 Its fruit or leaves should bear ;

131, 132 CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

- Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there ;
al. Yet God, the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

131. L. M. *Luton. Alfreton.*

Faith in Christ.

- in. **W**HEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
dim. And fainting hope almost expires ;
dl. Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fixed on thy everlasting word,
That word which built the earth and sky?
3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
'Then my immortal life is sure ;
f. His word a firm foundation gives,
Here let me build and rest secure.
dim. 4 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose ;
Since Jesus is forever mine,
ex. Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

132. C. M. *China. St. Stephens.*

Light in darkness.

- af. **O** THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, pierced by sins and sorrows here,
We could not fly to thee!
2 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown ;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wathing thro' the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above?

4 Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

133. L. M. *Ward. Brewer.*

Christians praying for conformity to Christ.

m. **J**ESUS, my Saviour, let me be
More perfectly conformed to thee;
Implant each grace, each sin dethrone,
And form my temper like thine own.

2 Let the envenomed heart and tongue,
The hand outstretched to do me wrong,
Excite no feelings in my breast,
But such as Jesus once expressed.

3 To others let me always give,
What I from others would receive;
Good deeds for evil ones return,
Nor, when provoked, with anger burn.

an. 4 This will proclaim how bright and fair
The precepts of the gospel are;
cr. And God himself, the God of love,
f. His own resemblance will approve.

134. L. M. *Evening Hymn. Kent.*

Prayer for stronger faith.

m. **W**HERE is my God? does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
p. Are these weak breathings of desire,
Too languid to ascend the skies?

an. 2 No, Lord! my breathings of desire,
My weak petitions, if sincere,

Are not forbidden to aspire,
But reach to thy all-gracious ear.

al. 3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands ;—
The glorious Advocate on high
With precious incense in his hands.

dim.4 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,
With stronger faith to call thee mine ;

Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
f. My Father, God, with joy divine.

135. 7.6.7.6.7.7 7.6. *Amsterdam.*

The Pilgrim's Song.

vi. **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things
Tow'rd heav'n, thy native place :
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire ascending, seeks the sun ;
Both speed them to their course :
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face ;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

dim.3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,

cr. Press onward to the prize ;
Soon your Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies :

dim. Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be giv'n ;

All your sorrows left below,
cr. And earth chang'd for heav'n.

136. C. M. *Abridge. Devizes.*

An abiding Covenant.

- dl. **M**Y God, the cov'nant of thy love
 Abides forever sure,
 And in its matchless grace I feel
 My happiness secure.
- 2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
 My father art become :
 Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,
 And heav'n, my final home :
- 3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
 For all that will is love ;
 And when I know not what thou dost,
 I wait the light above.
- ex. 4 Thy cov'nant in the darkest gloom
 Shall heav'nly rays impart :
 And while descending to the tomb,
 Shall cheer my trembling heart.

137. 7.7.7.7. *German Hymn.*

The three mounts.

- mæ.* **W**HEN on Sinai's top I see
 God descend in majesty,
 To proclaim his holy law,
 All my spirit sinks with awe.
- vi. 2 When in ecstasy sublime,
 Tabor's glorious steep I climb ;
 At the too transporting light,
 dim. Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 3 When on Calvary I rest ;
 God in flesh made manifest,
 Shines in my Redeemer's face,
 Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

* With grandeur and majesty.

m.af. 4 Here I could forever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away ;
Thou art heav'n on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

138. C. M. *Irish. St. Martins.*
Grace.

AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound)
That sav'd a wretch like me :
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

st. 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
'Twas grace my fear reliev'd ;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd!

3 Full many a danger, toil, and snare,
My soul has overcome ;
'Twas grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

dl. 4 The Lord hath promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures ;
He will my shield and portion be,
So long as life endures.

5 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease ;
I shall possess within the veil
A heav'n of joy and peace.

139. L. M. *Uxbridge. Forest.*

Publican and Pharisee. Luke, xviii., 10, &c.

m. **D**EAR Saviour, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee,
Who boldly rises near the throne,
To talk of duties he has done.

af. 2 My trembling soul before thee stands,
I cry for grace with lifted hands ;

I have no merit of my own,
But plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

140. 7s. 6 lines.—*Nuremburgh.*

In darkness.

m. **O**NCE I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fix'd, no more to move;
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was fill'd with love:
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2 Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's pow'r;
er. Now I feel my sins renew,
Now I feel the stormy hour!
ex. Sin has put my joys to flight,
Sin has turn'd my day to night.

af. 3 Saviour, shine, and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive,
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive:
vi. Speak the word, and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

141. C. M. *Arlington. Marlow.*

Watch and pray

st. **T**HE Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Through life's brief, fleeting hour,
And gives the Spirit's quick'ning ray
To those who seek its power.

2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
er. O Christian! hear his voice to-day,
Obedience is your life.

3 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
dl. For soon the hour will come,

142, 143 CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

That calls us from the earth away,
To our eternal home.

cr. 4 The Saviour bids us watch and pray ;
O hear the Shepherd's voice !
And follow where he leads the way,
To heaven's eternal joys.

142. S. M. *St. Thomas. Cambridge.*

Vigilance and warfare.

st. MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise ;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from thee skies.

2 Go, watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly day by day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thy armour down ;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

143. C. M. *Brattle Street. St. Mary's.*

None but Christ is a refuge.

dl. TO whom, my Saviour, shall I go,
If I depart from thee—
My guide through all this vale of wo,
And more than all to me?

af. 2 The world reject thy gentle reign,
And pay thy death with scorn ;
Oh, they would pluck thy crown again,
And sharpen every thorn.

dl. 3 But I have felt thy dying love
Breathe gently through my heart,
To whisper hope of joys above ;
And can we ever part?

4 Ah, no! with thee I'll walk below,
My journey to the grave :
To whom, my Saviour, shall I go,
When only thou canst save?

144. H. M. *Bethesda. Haddam.*

Invoking the presence of Christ.

dl. **C**OME, my Redeemer, come,
And deign to dwell with me,
Come, and thy right assume,
And bid all rivals flee :
Come, my redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

cr. 2 Exert thy mighty pow'r
And banish all my sin ;
In this auspicious hour,
Bring all thy graces in :
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

3 Rule thou in every thought
And passion of my soul,
Till all my powers are brought
Beneath thy full controul :
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

vi. 4 Then shall my days be thine,
And all my heart be love,
And joy and peace be mine,
Such as are known above :
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

145. L. M. *German Hymn. Forest.*

Lig' t of God's countenance.

dl. **L**ORD, what a heav'n of saving grace
Shines in the beauties of thy face,

And lights our passions to a flame!
O, how we love thy charming name!

2 When I can say my God is mine,
When I can feel thy grace divine;
I tread the world beneath my feet,
Nor envy earthly pride or state.

vi. 3 While such a scene of heav'nly joys
Th' enraptur'd soul on earth employs,
The spirit longs to soar away
To regions of eternal day.

4 And we shall soon pass through the night,
To the fair coast of perfect light;
Never again from Christ to rove,
The object of our boundless love.

146. L. M. *Rothwell. German Air.*

Rising to God.

mæ. **N**OW let the soul on wings sublime
Rise from the vanities of time;
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

dim. 2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?

st. Why grasp at these alluring toys
In sight of heav'n's eternal joys?

vi. 3 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large,

f. Removes our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

dl. 4 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heav'n enjoy'd above;
And the sweet expectation now,
Is like the dawn of heav'n below.

147. L. M. *German Air. Park Street.*

Christian race. Isaiah, xl. 28-30.

vi.f. **A** WAKE, our souls, away, our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone,
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True 'tis a straight and thorny road,
dim. And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
cr. But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

an. 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young,
Shall firm endure while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the everflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply ;
While such as trust their native strength,
p. Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

vi. 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heav'nly road.



PRAISE.

148. 8s & 7s. 8 lines.—*Bavaria.*

Grateful acknowledgment of Divine compassion.

dl. **L** ORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee
For the bliss thy love bestows ;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows :
Help, O God, my weak endeavour ;
This dull soul to rapture raise :

Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love we warm'd to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray ;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away :
dim. Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless ;
Fill my soul with holy feeling,
Let my life thy praise express.

149. S. M. *St. Thomas. Cambridge.*

Song of Moses and the Lamb.

vi. **A** WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power,
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

cr. 3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing ;
f. Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ the eternal King.

dl. 4 Soon shall we hear him say,
" Ye blessed children, come?"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

150. S. M. *Shirland. Fairfield.*

Praise to Christ our Redeemer.

an. **P**REPARE a thankful song,
To the Redeemer's name ;
f. Let his high praise employ each tongue,
And every heart inflame!

- p. 2 He laid his glory by,
And bitter pains endured ;
That sinners of the deepest dye
From wrath might be secured.
- m. 3 The Holy Ghost he sends,
Our stubborn souls to move ;
To make his enemies his friends,
And conquer them by love.
- 4 Assured that Christ our King,
Will put our foes to flight ;
We, on the field of battle, sing,
f. And triumph while we fight.

151. 7s & 6s. 8 lines.—*Missionary Hymn.*

Praise to the Saviour.

- vi.f. **T**O thee, my God and Saviour,
My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favour,
Almighty King of kings :
I'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above ;
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.
- dl. 2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice in supplication,
My Saviour, thou shalt hear ;
O grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.
- cr. 3 By thee, through life supported,
I pass the dang'rous road,
With heav'nly hosts escorted,
Up to thy bright abode :

Then cast my crown before thee,
 And, all my conflicts o'er,
 Unceasingly adore thee ;—
 What could an angel more?

152. 6 6.4.6.6.6.4. *Bermondsey. Trinity.*

Worthy is the Lamb. Rev. v. 12.

f.st. **G**LORY to God on high!
 Let earth to heav'n reply,
 Praise ye his name!
 dim. His love and grace adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore,
 cr. Sing aloud evermore,
 "Worthy the Lamb."

2 They who surround the throne,
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name ;
 dim. We who have felt his blood
 Sealing our peace with God,
 cr. Sound his dear name abroad,
 "Worthy the Lamb."

dim. 3 Soon we shall reach the place,
 Where we shall never cease
 Praising his name ;
 cr. Then richer songs we'll bring ;
 Hail him our gracious King :
 f. And thus forever sing,
 "Worthy the Lamb."

153. C. M. *Harborough.*

The Saviour crowned. Sol. Songs, iii. 11.

mæ. **A**LL hail the pow'r of Jesus' name,
 Let angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
 Who form'd this floating ball :
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
 And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of sinful race ;
 Ye ransom'd from the fall ;
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.

dl. 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall ;
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every tribe, and every tongue
 On this terrestrial ball,

f. Now shout in universal song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

154. H. M. *Weymouth. Lenox.*

Rejoicing in a general Revival.

vi.f. O ZION, tune thy voice,
 And lift thy hands on high ;
 Tell all the world thy joys,
 And shout salvation high :
 Cheerful in God,
 Arise and shine ;
 While rays divine
 Stream all abroad.

dim. 2 He gilds my mourning face
 With beams that cannot fade ;
 cr. His all resplendent grace
 He pours around thy head :
 The nations round
 Thy form shall view
 With lustre new
 Divinely crown'd.

3 In honour to his name
 Reflect thy sacred light,
 And loud that grace proclaim
 Which makes my darkness bright :
 Pursue his praise,
 Till sovereign love
 In worlds above,
 Thy glory raise.



CHURCH AND KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

155. C. M. *Harleigh. Clarendon.*

Triumphs of the Gospel. Luke 19, 38.

m. **O** JOYFUL thought! Oh rapt'rous sound!
 His praises let us sing,
 Whose true and faithful word declares
 That Jesus shall be King.

2 What tho' our enemy should rise,
 And hosts of agents bring,
 Thy word, our fainting strength renews ;
 Our Saviour shall be King.

3 Yes, He who once on Calvary groan'd,
 Of death, once felt the sting,
 Now reigns, thro'out the hosts of heaven,
 And o'er his saints a King.

dl. 4 Soon shall he come, and earth shall bow,
 And all shall tribute bring ;
 Soon the redeem'd on earth shall soar
 To heaven where Christ is King.

156. L. M. *Park Street. Brewer.*

God the glory and defence of the Church.

vi. **H**APPY the church, thou sacred place,
 The seat of thy Redeemer's grace!
 Thy holy courts are his abode,
 The temple of the living God.

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heav'nly warriors waits,
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.

ex. 3 Though foes tumultuous may engage
Against his throne, in vain they rage,
f. Like rising waves with angry roar,
dim. That dash and die upon the shore.

dl. 4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of earth or hell;
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5 God is our shield and God our sun;
vi. Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

157. L. M. *Sabaoth. Newry.*

Enlargement and glory of the Church.

vi. ZION, awake!—thy strength renew,
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
Church of our God, arise and shine,
Bright with the beams of truth divine!

2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are,
Gentiles and kings thy light shall view;
All shall admire and love thee too.

158. C. M. *Irish. St. Ann's.*

Enlargement of the Church promised.

GREAT God, is not thy promise pledged
To thine exalted Son,
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run?

2 'Ask—and I give thee heathen lands
For thine inheritance;

And to the world's remotest shores
Thine empire shall advance.'

3 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name adored :

f. Let earth, with all its millions, shout
Hosanna to the Lord!

159. L. M. *Old Hundred. Rothwell.*

"Thy kingdom come."

vi. **A**SCEND thy throne, Almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thy own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious 'God.

2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek thy face;
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdu'd by thy victorious grace.

cr. 3 O let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord,

f. High let thy banner be unfurl'd,
Be thou through heav'n and earth ador'd.

160. L. M. *Seasons. Uxbridge.*

Prayer for the spread of the Gospel.

dl. **J**ESUS, we bow before thy throne,
We lift our eyes to seek thy face:
To bleeding hearts thy love make known,
On contrite souls bestow thy grace.

af. 2 See spread beneath thy gracious eye,
A world o'erwhelm'd in guilt and tears;
Where deathless souls in ruin lie,
And no kind voice dispels their fears.

ex. 3 Lord, arm thy truth with pow'r divine,
Its conquest spread from shore to shore;
Till suns and stars forget to shine,
And earth and skies shall be no more.

- vi. 4 O rise, ye ransom'd captives, rise,
 Peal the loud anthem here below :
 Let earth reflect it to the skies,
 And heav'n with new-born rapture glow.

161. 7s & 6s. 8 lines.—*Missionary Hymn.*

Reign of Christ on earth.

- vi. **W**HEN shall the voice of singing
 Flow joyfully along :
 When hill and valley ringing
 With one triumphant song,
 Proclaim the contest ended,
 dl. And Him who once was slain,
 Again to earth descended,
 In righteousness to reign ?
 cr. 2 Then from the lofty mountains
 The sacred shout shall fly ;
 p. And shady vales and fountains
 cr. Shall echo the reply :
 f. High tow'r and lowly dwelling
 Shall send the chorus round,
 All, hallelujah swelling
 In one eternal round.

162. 8.7.4. *Calvary. Tamworth.*

The latter day.

- st. **L**OOK, ye saints! the day is breaking ;
 Joyful times are near at hand :
 mæ. God, the mighty God, is speaking,
 By his word in every land :
 Day advances,
 Darkness flies at his command.
 dl. 2 God of Jacob, high and glorious!
 Let thy people see thy power ;
 Let the gospel be victorious,
 Through the world forevermore ;
 Then shall idols
 Perish, while thy saints adore.

163. 7s. 8 lines.—*Watchman tell us of the night.*

Tell us of the night.—A dialogue.

st. **W**ATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are!
 Trav'ler! o'er yon mountain's height
 See the glory-beaming star!
 Watchman! does its beauteous ray,
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?
 Trav'ler! yes, it brings the day,
 Promis'd day of Israel.

2 Watchman! tell us of the night:
 Higher yet that star ascends!
 dl. Trav'ler! blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth its course portends!
 Watchman! will its beams alone,
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Trav'ler! ages are its own;
 f. See, its bursts o'er all the earth!

dim. 3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn:
 f. Trav'ler! darkness takes its flight;
 Doubt and terroure are withdrawn!
 dl. Watchman! let thy wand'ring cease,
 Hie thee to thy quiet home;
 f. Trav'ler! lo! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo! the Son of God is Come!

164. L. M. *Luton. Park Street.*

Prayer for Zion's speedy triumph.

vi. **S**OV'REIGN of worlds display thy pow'r;
 Be this thy Zion's favour'd hour:
 Bid the bright morning star arise,
 And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns;
 On Afric's shore, on India's plains:

On heathen wilds, on lands unknown,
And take the nations for thy own.

- st. 3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice,
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night;
And bid all nations hail the light.

165. C. M. *St. Martins. St. Stephens.*

Vision of Christ's kingdom on earth.

- mæ. **L**O, what a glorious scene appears
To our believing eye!
The earth and sea have pass'd away,
With all the starry sky.

2 From the third heav'n, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.

3 The God of glory dwells with men,
And shows his smiling face;
Men, the dear objects of his love,
The subjects of his grace.

- dl. 4 His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;

m. And pains, and groans, and doubts, and fears,
p. And death itself shall die;

- af. 5 How long, dear Saviour, O, how long,
Shall this bright hour delay?

vi. Fly swiftly round, ye wings of time,
And bring the welcome day.

166. L. M. *Pilesgrove. German Air.*

Rejoicing in the reign of Christ.

- vi. **Y**ES, mighty Jesus! thou shalt reign,
Till all thy haughty foes submit;
Till hell, and all her trembling train,
Become the footstool of thy feet.

2 Then ransom' d souls shall bless thy pow'r :
Thine arm shall full salvation bring :
Thy saints, in that illustrious hour,
Shall conquer, with their conquering King.

3 Then ranged thy shining throne around,
Thy honours, Lord, will we proclaim ;
While heaven's transported realms resound
Thy glorious deeds and saving name.

167. L. M. 6 lines.—*Newcourt.*

Prayer for the spread of the Gospel.

an. **O** FATHER, let thy kingdom comé,
Thy kingdom, built on love and grace !
In every nation give it room,
In every heart afford it place :
The earth is thine—set up thy throne,
And claim the kingdoms as thine own.

2 Still nature's awful darkness reigns,
And sinners scorn thy holy fear :
Still Satan holds the heart in chains,
Where'er thy messengers appear ;
cr. Oh, rise, great God, in love, and bless
All nations with thy righteousness.

168. L. M. *German Air. Uxbridge.*

Christ's reign on earth.

an. **N**OW let the angels sound on high,
Let shouts be heard thro' all the sky ;
Kings of the earth with glad accord,
Give up your kingdom to the Lord.

dl. 2 Almighty God, thy pow'r assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come ;
Jesus, the Lamb that once was slain,
Forever live—forever reign.

169. 7.7.7.7. *German Hymn. Beecher.*

Prayer for a blessing on the Church.

m. **O**N thy Church, O, pow'r divine!
Cause thy glorious face to shine,
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as thy guiding star.

2 Then shall God, with bounteous hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.



CATECHETICAL.

170. L. M. *Hebron. Nazareth.*

Prayer for Divine instruction.

dim. **C**OME Jesus, heavenly teacher, come,
Convey thine own instructions home;
While men thy sacred truth impart,
'Tis thine alone to reach the heart.

2 Whene'er I read or hear thy word,
Thine inward teachings, Lord, afford;
To me thy holy will reveal,
Unfold the book, and loose the seal.

3 Call me, Oh call me to thy feet,
And there transported may I sit;
With joy thy heavenly features trace,
And feast upon thy richest grace.

171. S. M. *St. Thomas. Watchman.*

Prayer for Youth.

m. **G**REAT God! with heart and tongue,
For these dear youth we pray;
O may they learn, while they are young,
To walk in wisdom's way!

2 Now, in their early days,
Teach them thy will to know;

O God, thy sanctifying grace
On every heart bestow !

3 Lord, let thy sacred word
Their warmest thoughts employ ;
There let them daily find the road
Which leads to endless joy.

172. L. M. *German Hymn.*

Prayer for a blessing on instruction.

dl. **O** LORD, behold before thy throne
These precious souls now lowly bend,
Thy face to seek, thy name to own,
And pray that thou wilt be their friend.

2 Like precious seed in fruitful ground,
Let the instruction they receive,
To thy immortal praise redound,
And make them to thy glory live.

3 Give them a sober steady mind,
Strength to withstand the snares of sin,
Boldly to cast the world behind,
And strive eternal life to win.

4 To read thy word, their hearts incline,
To understand it, light impart ; —
O Saviour, consecrate them thine,
Take full possession of each heart.

173. C. M. *Flushing. Mear.*

Early Instruction.

m. **H**OW happy is the youth who hears
Instruction's warning voice ;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early—only choice.

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold ;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the aged head.

4 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

174. 8.7.8.7. *Greenville. Saxony.*

Prayer for a blessing on instruction.

m. **H** EAVENLY Father, grant thy blessing
On th' instructions of this day ;
That our hearts, thy fear possessing,
May from sin be turned away.

2 We are told thy power can reach us
Whatsoever place we're in ;
And the holy Scriptures teach us
Thou wilt surely punish sin.

3 We have wandered, O forgive us !
We have wished from truth to rove ;
Turn, O turn us, and receive us,
And incline our hearts to love.

4 We have learned that Christ the Saviour
Lived to teach us what is good ;
Died to gain for us thy favour,
And redeem us by his blood.

5 For his sake, O God, forgive us !
Guide us to that happy home,
Where the Saviour will receive us,
And where sin can never come.

175. C. M. *Flushing. Georgia.*

Youth admonished to remember their Creator.

an. **W** HILE in the tender years of youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,

Ere age arrive and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb ;—

2 Remember thy Creator, God ;
For him thy powers employ ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy portion and thy joy.

3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blest eternity.

• **176.** S. M. *Watchman. Shirland.*

Imp'oring a blessing on youth.

GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race :
And make their youthful spirits bend
To thy victorious grace.

dl. 2 O, what a vast delight,
Their penitence to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Dear Lord, thy Spirit pour
Upon our youthful seed :
And bring that soul-reviving hour,
Which makes them thine indeed.

4 May they receive thy word,
Confess the Saviour's name,
And follow on to know the Lord ;
Nor fear reproach nor shame.

177. 7.7.7.7. *German Hymn.*

Seeking b'essings upon children.

af. **G**OD of mercy, hear our prayer
For the children thou hast giv'n ;
Let them all thy blessings share,
Grace on earth and bliss in heav'n.

2 Cleanse their souls from every stain,
Through the Saviour's precious blood;
Let them all be born again,
And be reconcil'd to God.

cx. 3 For this mercy, Lord, we cry;
Bend thine ever-gracious ear:
While on thee our souls rely,
Hear our prayer, in mercy hear.

178. C. M. *Dundee. Eliot.*

Parental solicitude.

HOW can we see the children, Lord,
Thou hast in mercy giv'n,
Remain regardless of thy word,
Without a hope of heav'n?

2 How can we see them tread the path,
That leads to endless death,
Thus adding to thy fearful wrath,
With every moment's breath?

af. 3 Lord, hear the parent's earnest cry,
And save our children dear;
Now send thy Spirit from on high,
And fill them with thy fear.

4 Oh, make them love thy holy law
And joyful walk therein:
Their hearts to new obedience draw,
Save them from every sin.

179. 7.7.7.7. *German Hymn. Pilgrim.*

Instruction of youth.

GRANT us wisdom, gracious Lord,
To instruct these children dear;
And thy special aid afford,
While for them we kneel in prayer.

et. 2 Help us still our work of love,
Daily, hourly, to pursue;

While thy Spirit from above
Shall their precious souls renew.

dl. 3 For this blessing now we plead,
Send thy Holy Spirit down;
Smile on us, and on our seed,
Make thy power and glory known.

4 Thou hast heard our solemn prayer,—
We are thine, forever thine:
Take these children to thy care,
Fill their hearts with grace divine.

180. C. M. *Peterborough. Mear.*

Youth admon'ished to remember their Creator.

m. **C**HILDREN, to your Creator, God,
Your early honours pay;
While vanity and youthful blood
Would tempt your thoughts astray.

2 Be wise—and make his favour sure,
Before the mournful day,
When youth and mirth are known no more,
And life and strength decay.

3 The memory of his mighty name
Demands your first regard;
Come now and give your hearts to him,
And love and praise the Lord.

181. 7.7.7.7. *Pilgrim. Alma.*

Youth exhorted.

CHILDREN, listen to the Lord,
And obey his gracious word;
Seek his face with heart and mind:
Early seek, and you shall find.

dl. 2 Sorrowful, your sins confess,
Plead his perfect righteousness,
See the Saviour's bleeding side:
Come—you will not be denied.

3 For his worship now prepare ;
 Kneel to him in fervent prayer ;
 Serve him with a perfect heart :
 Never from his ways depart.

182. 8.7.4. *Greenville.*

Youth invited to the Saviour.

dl. **C**HILDREN hear the melting story
 Of the Lamb that once was slain ;
 'Tis the Lord of life and glory :
 Shall he plead with you in vain !
 O receive him,
 And salvation now obtain.

2 Yield no more to sin and folly,
 So displeasing in his sight ;
 Jesus loves the pure and holy,
 They alone are his delight ;
 Seek his favour,
 And your hearts to him unite.

dim.3 All your sins to him confessing
 Who is ready to forgive ;
 Seek the Saviour's richest blessing,
 On his precious name believe ;
 He is waiting,
 st. Will you not his grace receive ?



CONFIRMATION.

183. L. M. *Uxbridge. Evening Hymn.*

Entire consecration.

m. **N**OW I resolve, with all my heart,
 With all my power to serve the Lord ;
 Nor from his ways will I depart,
 Whose service is a rich reward.
 2 O, be this service all my joy !
 Around let my example shine ;
 - Till others love the blest employ,
 And join in labours so divine.

3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determin'd choice,
To yield to his supreme controul,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

af. 4 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wand'ring, leave his sacred ways;
Great God! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

184. C. M. *Flushing. Arlington.*

Self-consecration.

st. **Y**ES, I will be forever thine,
Bought at the price of blood;
My feeble powers shall all combine
To serve the living God.

2 I consecrate my all to thee,
Here at thy mercy seat;
dim. Poor as the offering may be,
p. I lay it at thy feet.

3 Accept the tribute of my hands,
The homage of my heart;
cr. Still let me walk in thy commands.
Nor from thy ways depart.

185. C. M. *Barby. Marlow.*

Uniting with the Church.

di. **Y**E men and angels, witness now,
Before the Lord we speak:
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break,—

2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely;

May he with our returning wants,
All needful aid supply.

- af. 4 Oh, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways ;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

186. L. M. *Rothwell. Sterling.*

A welcome to Christian fellowship.

- dl. **C**OME in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Oh come in Jesus' precious name ;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.
- 2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove ;
Join'd in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.
- 3 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known ;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.
- cr. 4 Once more our welcome we repeat ;
Receive assurance of our love ;
Oh, may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above.

187. L. M. *Newry. Luton.*

On receiving new members into communion.

- dl. **M**AY those who have thy name confess'd,
Now find in God a settled rest,
From day to day still more increase,
In faith, and love, and holiness.
- 2 As living members may they share
The joys and griefs which others bear ;
And active in their stations prove,
In all the offices of love.

3 From all temptation now defend,
And keep them steadfast to the end ;
While in thy house they still improve
Till call'd to join the church above.

188. C. M. *China. Brattle Street.*

Self-dedication to God.

- vi. **W**HAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints that fill thy house,
My off'rings shall be paid ;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made,
- 3 Now I am thine, forever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move ;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.
- cr. 4 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record :
- ad.f. Witness, ye saints, that hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

189. S. M. *Watchman. Shirland.*

Self-consecration.

- dl. **L**ORD, I have come to thee,
A sinner all defil'd ;
O take the stain of guilt away,
And own me as thy child.
- 2 I cannot live in sin,
And feel a Saviour's love ;
Thy blood can make my spirit clean,
And write my name above.
- 3 Among thine earthly flock,
I need the Shepherd's care ;

Pour waters from the smitten rock,
And pastures green prepare.

4 Blest Shepherd, I am thine ;
Still keep me in thy fear :
Oh fill my heart with grace divine,
Bring thy salvation near.

190. 8s & 7s. 8 lines.—*Welch.*

After confirmation. Matt. xvi. 24.

- dl. **J**ESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee ;
Naked, poor, despis'd, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be :
- ex. Let the world neglect and leave me ;
They have left my Saviour too :
Human hopes have oft deceived me ;
Thou art faithful, thou art true.
- st. 2 Perish, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn and pain :
In thy service, pain is pleasure ;
With thy favour, life is gain .
- af. Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy bleeding love I see ;
Oh! 'tis not in joy to charm me,
When that love is hid from me.

191. L. M. *Forest. Newry.*

After confirmation.

- al. **O** HAPPY day that stays my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell thy goodness all abroad.
- 2 O, happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let sacred anthems fill the house
While to his sacred throne I move.

3 This day we have CONFIRMED the choice
 Our parents in baptism made ;—
 To *ratify* it we rejoice,
 And supplicate the Spirit's aid.—

di. 4 'Tis done, the great transaction 's done ;—
 Deign, gracious Lord, to make me thine ;
 Help me, through grace, to follow on,
 Glad to obey thy voice divine.



MISSIONARY.

192. 7s & 6s. 8 lines.—*Missionary Hymn.*

Missionary field,

st. **F**ROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand:
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

dl. 2 What though the spicy breezes,
 p. Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 cr. And only man is vile:
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown ;
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone!

di. 3 Can we whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,—
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 cr. Salvation, O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,

Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

- f. 4 Waft, waft ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole :
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinner's slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

193. 7s & 6s. 8 lines.—*Missionary Hymn.*

The Heralds of the Gospel.

- vi. **O**N Thibet's snow-capp'd mountains,
O'er Afric's burning sand,
Where roll the fiery fountains
Adown Hawaii's strand—
In every distant nation,
The mighty globe around,
The heralds of salvation
The gospel trumpet sound.

2 In golden armour blazing
They press their onward way,
And high in air upraising,
The glorious cross display :
Away their weapons hurling,
The warring nations cease,
And hail with joy, unfurling
The banneret of peace.

- 3 Where sin hath fix'd her dwelling,
Where Death the tyrant reigns,
cr. The heavenly notes are swelling
In loudest, sweetest strains :
an. They breath—the bones are shaken,
And clothed with flesh, arise,—

They bid the dead awaken
To glory in the skies.

4 What though hell's fiery regions
Pour forth their dread array!
Look up!—angelick legions
Attend you on your way.

cr. March on, ye sons of heaven,
This precious promise sing—
“The heathen shall be given
To Christ, our glorious King.”

194. L. M. *Missionary Chant.*

Departure of Missionaries.

st. **Y**E Christian heroes, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire—
With holy zeal your hearts inspire;

cr. Bid raging winds their fury cease,
p. And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labours all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more;

cr. Meet—with the blood-bought throng to fall,
f. And crown our Jesus—Lord of all.

195. 8.7.4. *Welch. Mis. Farewell.*

Missionaries' Farewell.

dl. **Y**ES, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country,

af. Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in distant lands to dwell.

dl. 2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely,
Joys no stranger's heart can tell;

- af. Happy home, 'tis sure I love thee,
Can I. *can* I say farewell?
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- p. 3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell;
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
af. Can I say a last farewell!
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- al.* 4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well,
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
af. Lovely native land, farewell!
vi. Pleased I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- m. 5 In the desert let me labour,
On the mountain let me tell
cr. How he died, the blessed Saviour,
To redeem a world from hell!
al. Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean,
Let the winds my canvass swell;
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell,
Glad I leave thee,
dim. Native land, farewell! (*p.*) farewell!

196. 8.7.8.7. *Bavaria. Greenville.*

Missionary Meeting.

- m. **W**ITH my substance I will honour
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.

- 2 While the heralds of salvation
 His abounding grace proclaim,
 Let his friends, of every station,
 Gladly join to spread his fame.
- 3 May his kingdom be promoted ;
 May the world the Saviour know ;
 Be my all to him devoted ;
 To my Lord my all I owe.

- f. 4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations ;
 Praise him, all ye hosts above ;
 Shout with joyful acclamations,
 His divine—victorious love.

197. C. P. M. *Aithlone. Columbia.*

Prayer for a dying world.

- di. **G**OD of the nations, bow thine ear,
 And listen to our fervent prayer,
 Through thy beloved Son:
 Build up the kingdom of his grace,
 Amid the millions of our race,
 And make thy wonders known.
- 2 Send forth the heralds in his name,
 Bid them a Saviour's love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath ;
- vi. Till every land shall hear the sound,
 And send the joyful echoes round,
- p. Amid the shades of death.
- cr. 3 O let the nations rise and bring
 Their off'rings to th' Almighty King,
 And trust in him alone ;
 Renounce their idols, and adore
 The God of gods for evermore,
 Upon his lofty throne.

- dim. 4 The dying millions then shall prove
 The matchless power of bleeding love,

And feel their sins forgiv'n ;
 cr. Shall join the convert's joyful throng,
 f. And raise on high redemption's song,
 Along the path to heav'n.

198. S. M. *Watchman. Cambridge.*

Prayer for all lands.

O GOD of sovereign graee,
 We bow before thy throne,
 And plead for all the human race
 The merits of thy Son.

2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
 The knowledge of thy ways :
 And let all lands with joy record
 The great Redeemer's praise.

199. S. M. *Hants. Orrington.*

Diffusion of the gospel.

st. **O** LORD our God arise,
 The cause of truth maintain,
 And wide o'er all the peopled world,
 Extend her blessed reign.

2 Thou Prince of Life arise,
 Nor let thy glories cease ;
 Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
 And bless the earth with peace.

3 Spirit of grace arise,
 Extend thy healing wing,
 And o'er a dark and ruin'd world,
 Let light and order spring.

cr. 4 Let all on earth arise,
 To God the Saviour sing,
 From shore to shore, from earth to heav'n,
 Let echoing anthems ring.

200. C. M. *Warwick. London.*

Prayer for the success of Missions.

vi. **W**HEN shall the gospel tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe, and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound.

2 O when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heav'nly word ;
And vassals long enslaved become
The freemen of the Lord ?

st.p. 3 When shall th' untutor'd heathen tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn redeeming grace ?

al. 4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build, on sin's demolish'd throne,
The temples of thy praise.

201. 7s & 6s. 8 lines.—*Missionary Hymn.*

Departure of Missionaries.

vi.f. **R**OLL on, thou mighty ocean !
And as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy,
To every vale of wo !
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to their destined shore ;
That men may sit in darkness
And death's black shade no more.

mæ. 2 O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Deliver them from harm !
dl. Thy presence still be with them
Wherever they may be ;
Though far from those who love them,
Let them be nigh to thee.

202. L. M. *Seasons. Effingham.*

Spread of the gospel.

THY people, Lord, who trust thy word,
 And wait the smilings of thy face,
 Assemble round thy mercy seat,
 And plead the promise of thy grace.

2 Hast thou not said thine only Son
 Shall be a light to gentile lands,
 To open the benighted eyes,
 And loose the wretched pris'ners' bands?

3 From land to land, from sea to sea,
 That his dominion shall extend?
 That every tongue shall call him Lord,
 And every knee before him bend?

vi. 4 Now let the happy time appear,
 The time to favour Zion come ;
 Send forth thy heralds far and near,
 And call the wand'ring exiles home.



DEATH AND JUDGEMENT.

203. C. M. *China. Walney.*

Death and glory.

af. **M**Y soul, come meditate the day,
 And think how near it stands,
 When thou must quit thy house of clay,
 And fly to unknown lands.

2 Look down, and bid thine eye survey
 The hollow, gaping tomb!
 My body! 'tis prepar'd for thee,
 Whene'er the summons come!

3 Oh, could we die with those that die,
 And place us in their stead ;
 Then would our spirits learn to fly,
 And converse with the dead.

204, 205 DEATH AND JUDGEMENT.

vi. 4 Then should we see the saints above,
In all their glorious forms ;
And wonder why our souls could love
To dwell with mortal worms.

5 We should almost forsake our clay,
Before the summons come ;
And wish th' imprison'd soul away,
To its eternal home.

204. C. M. *Brattle Street. Chester.*

Dying, like Moses, in the arms of God.

af. **D**EATH cannot make my soul afraid,
If God be with me there ;
I can walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
And in my Lord confide :

ex. Hasten, if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses died.

3 Might I but climb the mountain's height,
The promised land to view,
My willing soul would take her flight,
And bid the world adieu.

dl. 4 Within my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath ;
Resign my life amid the charms
Of so divine a death.

205. C. M. *Revelation. Burford.*

The blessed that die in the Lord. Rev. xiv. 13.

af. **H**EAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims
For all the pious dead !

Sweet is the savour of their names,

p. And soft their sleeping bed.

cr.2 They die in Jesus, and are blest ;
dim. How kind their slumbers are !

From suff'ring and from sin releas'd :
They're freed from every snare.

cr. 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord :
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

206. C. M. *Braintree. Chester.*

Earth receding.

af. **E**ARTH'S stormy night will soon be o'er :
The raging wind shall cease,
The Christian's bark will reach the shore
Of heaven's eternal peace.

2 E'en now the distant rays appear,
To chase the gloom of night ;
The Sun of Righteousness is near,
p. And terrors take their flight.

207. 8.7.8.7. *Florence. Greenville.*

Weep not for the departed Saint.

dl. **T**HINK, O ye, who fondly languish,
O'er the grave of those ye love ;
While your bosoms throb with anguish,
They are warbling hymns above.

2 While your silent steps are straying
Lonely through night's deep'ning shade ;
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

4 Cease, then, mourner, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love ;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.

208. L. M. *Forest. German Hymn.*

Death peaceful and triumphant.

- dl. **S**WEET is the scene where Christians die,
Where holy souls retire to rest;
How mildly beams the closing eye!
- p. How gently heaves th' expiring breast!
- dl. 2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.
- cr. 3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fann'd by some guardian angel's wing;
- f. O grave! where is thy vict'ry now?
And where, O death! is now thy sting?

209. 8.7.4. *Kershaw. Pilgrim's Prayer.*

Dying Christian.

- af. **W**HENCE, ah! whence this mortal an-
Surely 'tis the touch of death, [guish?
Why do all my senses languish?
Why this hard, and labour'd breath?
Pale destroyer!
Hast thou come to call me home?
- ex. 2 O! what scenes of heav'n's revealing?
Dawn upon my ravish'd sight;
Rays of glory, softly stealing!
Oh! how dazzling, Oh! how bright—
Mortal vision!
Scarce can bear, such growing light.
- dl. 3 Distant sounds, of sweetest measure,
dim Come upon my dying ear,
Breathing notes of holy pleasure,
- cr. Hark! oh hark! they're drawing near:
- f. Heaven's musick!
Millions singing Jesus' love.

- vi. 4 But an object, far more glorious,
 Fills my heart with ecstacy!
 Were none there, but Christ victorious,
 Oh! 'twould be, sweet heav'n to me:
 dl. Farewell sorrow!
 Jesus calls,—I must away.

210. C. M. *Athens. Chester.*

Christ our support in death.

- dl. **J**ESUS, the vision of thy face
 Hath overpow'ring charms:
 Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
 While in the Saviour's arms.
 2 And while my feeble heartstrings break,
 How sweet the minutes roll!
 A mortal paleness on my cheek,
 And glory in my soul.

211. C. M. *Brattle Street. Resignation.*

"To die is gain."

- af. **W**HEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
 And mourns the present pain;
 'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,
 And feel that death is gain.
 di. 2 'Tis not that mourning thoughts arise,
 And dread a Father's will;
 'Tis not that meek submission flies
 And would not suffer still:—
 cr. 3 It is that heav'n-born faith surveys,
 The path that leads to light;
 And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
 And lose herself in sight.
 vi. 4 It is that hope with ardour glows,
 To see him face to face,
 Whose dying love, no language knows
 Sufficient art to trace.
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ex. 5 It is that harrass'd conscience feels
 The pangs of struggling sin;
 And sees, though far, the hand that heals,
 And ends the strife within.

dl. 6 O let me wing my hallow'd flight
 From earth-born woe and care;
 And soar above these clouds of night,
 My Saviour's bliss to share.

212. 7s. 6 lines.—*Mt. Calvary. Nuremburgh.*

The dying Christian.

dl. **H**ASTE, my spirit, haste away,
 'Tis thy glorious Saviour calls;
 Leave this tenement of clay:
 Quit its broken, shatter'd walls:
 Through these ruins I descry,
 Gleams of immortality.

dl. 2 Cease, my friends, to weep for me,
 Let me rather mourn for you;
 Far from sin and woe I flee,
 Christ and heav'n are in my view:
 Dare not wish my soul to stay,
 Angels beckon me away.

3 To the sovereign hand of death,
 Earthly blessings I resign;

di. Lord, to thee I yield my breath,
 Take this ransom'd soul of mine,

cr. And my songs of joy shall be
 Ceaseless as eternity.

213. 8.7.8.7. *Florence. Sicilian.*

To a dying Saint.

af. **P**ARTING soul, the floods await thee,
 And the billows round thee roar,

vi. Yet rejoice, the holy city
 Stands on yon celestial shore.

2 There are crowns and thrones of glory,
 There the living waters glide ;
 There the just in shining raiment,
 Standing by Immanuel's side.

3 Linger not, the stream is narrow,
 Tho' its cold dark waters rise ;
 He who pass'd the flood before thee
 Guides thy path to yonder skies.

214. L. M. *Kingsbridge. Dresden.*

Resurrection from the grave.

af. **S**HALL man, O God of light and life,
 Forever moulder in the grave?
 Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
 Thy promise, and thy power to save?

2 Shall life revisit dying worms,
 And spread the joyful insect's wing!
 ex. And Oh, shall man awake no more
 To see thy face, thy name to sing?

st. 3 Cease, cease, ye vain desponding fears ;
 When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprung,
 Death, the last foe, was captive led,
 And heaven with praise and wonder rung.

4 Him, the first fruits, his chosen sons
 Shall follow from the vanquished grave ;
 cr. He mounts his throne, the King of kings,
 His church to quicken and to save.

st. 5 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
 Unfold, to make his children way ;
 They shall be clothed with endless life,
 And shine in everlasting day.

cr. 6 The trump shall sound—the dust awake ;
 From the cold tomb the slumberers spring ;
 Through heaven with joy their myriads rise,
 f. And hail their Saviour, and their King.

215. L. M. D. *Dresden. Italy.*

Love, the source of happiness in heaven.

- dl. **T**HE ransom'd spirit to her home,
 The clime of cloudless beauty, flies,
 No more on stormy seas to roam,
 She hails her haven in the skies:
- af. But cheerless are those heav'nly fields,
 The cloudless clime no pleasure yields,
 There is no bliss in bow'rs above,
 If thou art absent, *Holy Love!*
- ex. 2 The cherub near the viewless throne
 Hath smote the harp with trembling hand;
 And one with incense-fire hath flown,
 To touch with flame the angel-band:
- af. But tuneless is the quiv'ring string,
 No melody can Gabriel bring,
 Mute are its arches, when above
 The harps of heaven wake not to *Love!*
- an. 3 Earth, sea, and sky, one language speak,
 In harmony that soothes the soul;
- p. 'Tis heard when scarce the zephyrs wake,
 f. And when on thunders, thunders roll:
- p. That voice is heard and tumults cease,
 It whispers to the bosom peace;
- cr. O speak, Inspirer! from above,
 And cheer *our* hearts, *Celestial Love!*

216. 8.6.8.8.6. *Woodland.*

The Heavenly Rest.

- dl. **T**HERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wanderers given:
 There is a tear for souls distressed,
 A balm for every wounded breast—
 'Tis found alone—in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
 By sins and sorrows driven ;
 cr. When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
 f. Where storms arise—and ocean rolls,
 dim. And all is drear—but heaven.

st.cr.3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
 The heart with anguish riven ;
 It views the tempest passing by,
 Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
 dim. And all serene—in heaven.

dl.vi.4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given ;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom;
 dim. Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
 p. Appears the dawn—of heaven.

217. C. M. D. *Athens. Moravian Hymn.*

They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy.

dl. **T**HERE is an hour of hallowed peace,
 For those with care opprest,
 When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
 And all be hush'd to rest:
 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears,
 And doubts that here annoy :
 cr. Then they that oft had sown in tears,
 Shall reap again in joy.

dl. 2 There is a home of sweet repose,
 Where storms assail no more,
 vi. The stream of endless pleasure flows
 On that celestial shore :
 There purity with love appears,
 And bliss without alloy ;
 ex. There, they that oft had sown in tears,
 Shall reap eternal joy.

218. C. M. *Reading. St. Mary's.*

Rest from sin and trouble in Heaven.

OUR sins, alas! how strong they are!
 And, like a raging flood,
 They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
 And force us from our God.

cr. 2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!

f. How loud the tempests roar!

p. But death shall land our wearied souls
 Safe on the heavenly shore.

vi. 3 There, to fulfil his high commands

Our cheerful feet shall move;

No sin shall clog our active zeal,

Or cool our burning love.

4 There shall we ever sing and tell

The wonders of his grace,

Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,

And smile in every face.

5 Forever his dear, sacred name

Shall dwell upon our tongue,

f. And Jesus and salvation be

The close of every song.

219. S. M. *Cambridge. Sicily.*

The bright path to Heaven.

vi. **N**OW let our voices join
 To form a sacred song;
 Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
 With musick pass along.

2 There flowers of Paradise

In rich profusion spring;

The sun of glory gilds the path,

And dear companions sing.

3 There Salem's golden spires

In beauteous prospect rise;

And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.

4 All honour to his name
Who marks the shining way ;
To him who leads the wand'ers on,
To realms of endless day.

220. C. M. *Flushing. Barby.*

Celestial prospects.

vi. SWEET glories rush upon my sight,
And charm my wond'ring eyes ;
The regions of immortal light,
The beauties of the skies !

2 All hail ! ye fair celestial shores,
Ye lands of endless day ;
Swift on my view your prospect pours,
And drives my griefs away.

3 There's a delightful clearness now—
My clouds of doubt are gone ;
Fled is my former darkness too—
My fears are all withdrawn.

4 Short is the passage—short the space
Between my home and me ;
There ! there behold the radiant place !
How near the mansions be !

5 Immortal wonders ! boundless things,
In those dear worlds appear !

er. Prepare me, Lord, to stretch my wings,
And in those glories share.



MISCELLANEOUS.

221 C. M. *China. Mear.*

Judgements for national sins deprecated.

di. ALMIGHTY Lord, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend !

'Tis on thy pardoning grace alone
Our dying hopes depend.

2 Dark judgements, from thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful power display ;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

af. 4 Oh turn us—turn us, mighty Lord,
Convert us by thy grace ;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And see again thy face.

5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,
We will not sink in fear ;

f. Secure of all-sufficient aid,
When thou, O God, art near.

222. L. M. *Pilesgrave. Alfreton.*

God acknowledged in National blessings.

GREAT God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise—
With humble heart, and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.

2 Thy name we bless, Almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,
This land, we fondly call our own.

3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray,—
Here thou our Father's steps didst guide
In safety through their dangerous way.

4 We praise thee, that the Gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds ;

Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

5 Great God! preserve us in thy fear;
In dangers still our guardian be;
Oh spread thy truth's bright precepts here,
Let all the people worship thee.

223. S. M. *Watchman. Dover.*

The worship of the Sabbath.

dl. SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing;
To praise and pray—to hear thy word,
And grateful off'rings bring.

2 Sweet on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

3 To songs of praise and joy,
Be every Sabbath giv'n,
That such may be our blest employ,
Eternally in heav'n.

224. H. M. *Weymouth. Southbury.*

The year of Jubilee.

st. FAIR shines the morning star!
The silver trumpets sound—
Their notes re-echoing far,
While dawns the day around!
Joy to the slave!—the slave is free!
It is the year of Jubilee.

2 Prisoners of hope!—in gloom
dim. And silence left to die,
an. With Christ's unfolding tomb
Your portals open fly;—
f. Rise with the Lord!—He sets you free:—
It is the year of Jubilee.

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m. 3 Ye, who have sold for nought
The land your fathers won,
Behold how God hath wrought,
Redemption through his Son!

an. Your heritage again is free,
It is the year of Jubilee.

m. 4 Ye who yourselves have sold
For debts to justice due,
Ransomed, but not with gold,
Christ gave himself for you ;

ex. His precious blood has made you free,

f. It is the year of Jubilee.

ex. 5 Captives of sin and shame,
O'er earth and ocean, hear

cr. An angel's voice proclaim
The Lord's accepted year ;—

ff. Let Jacob rise, be Israel free,
It is the year of Jubilee.

225. L. M. *Forest. Hebron.*

Ingratitude of rejecting Christ.

an. **O**H stubborn hearts, that could withstand
The efforts of a Saviour's hand!

ex. Oh gracious Saviour, who would'st bleed,
When words and tears could not succeed!

di. 2 Dear Lord, in me thy power exert,
Subdue my proud, unfeeling heart,
Then through the earth, in mercy reign,
And reap the fruit of all thy pain.

226. L. M. *Kingsbridge. Limehouse.*

Israel exhorted to hail the Messiah.

p. **W**HY on the bending willows hung,
O Israel, sleeps thy tuneful lyre?
Why still refrain thy nobler tongue?
Can no high theme thy soul inspire?

- f. 2 Awake, thy sweetest raptures raise,
 Let harp and voice unite their strains;
 Thy promis'd King his sceptre sways;
 Jesus thine own Messiah reigns!
- di. 3 No taunting foes the song require:
 No strangers mock thy captive chain:
 But friends provoke the silent lyre;
 And brethren ask the holy strain.
- 4 Nor fear thy Salem suffers wrong,
 If other hands thy triumph share:
- f. A heav'nly city claims thy song,
 A brighter Salem rises there.
- di. 5 By foreign streams no longer roam;
 Nor weeping, think of Jordan's flood:
- cr. In every clime behold a home,
 In every temple see thy God!

227. 11s. 4 lines.—*Hinton.*

“ Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace.”

ACCQUAINT thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
 And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy
 road,

And peace, like the dew drop shall fall on thy head
 And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
 And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad;
 Thy safeguard in dangers that threaten thy path;
 Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

228. 7s. 6 lines.—*Nuremburgh. Harts.*

Day-spring from on high.

- di. **C**HRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true, the only light,
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night;
 Day-spring from on high, be near,
 Day-star in my heart, appear.

an. 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 If thy light is hid from me,
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till thy mercy's beams I see,
 Till they inward light impart,
 Peace and gladness to my heart.

al. 3 Visit then, this soul of mine,
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
 Fill me, Radiancy divine!
 Scatter all my unbelief;
 More and more thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

229. 7s & 6s. 8 lines.—*Missionary Hymn*

A bright Sabbath morning.

dl. **T**HE rosy light is dawning
 Upon the mountain's brow;
 It is the Sabbath morning—
 Arise and pay thy vow:
 Lift up thy voice to heaven,
 In sacred praise and prayer,
 While unto thee is given
 The light of life to share.

2 The landscape lately shrouded
 p. By evening's paler ray,
 cr. Smiles beauteous and unclouded
 Before the eye of day:
 So let our souls, benighted
 Too long in folly's shade,
 By thy kind smiles be lighted
 To joys that never fade.

3 O see those waters, streaming
 In crystal purity;
 While earth with verdure teeming,
 Gives rapture to the eye!

- f. Let rivers of salvation
 In larger currents flow,
 Till every tribe and nation
 Their healing virtues know.

230. 8s & 7s. 8 lines.—*Saxony.*

Happiness only in God.

TELL me, wand'rer, wildly roving
 From the path that leads to peace ;
 Pleasure's false enchantment loving,
 When will thy delusion cease !

2 Once, like thee, by joys surrounded,
 I could kneel at pleasure's shrine :
 Then my brightest hopes were bounded,
 By delights as false as thine.

3 But those visions scarce had blessed me,
 When that fleeting day was o'er ;
 Then the world that had caress'd me,
 Charm'd me with its smiles no more.

4 Such is pleasure's transient story ;
 Lasting happiness is known,
 Only in the path to glory—
 In the Saviour's love alone.



DISMISSION.

231. 8.7.4. *Greenville. Calvary.*

Dismission.

dl. **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
 Let us each thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace :

cr. O refresh us,
 Trav'ling through life's wilderness.

cr. 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For the Gospel's joyful sound ;

May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound :
 Ever faithful
 To thy truth may we be found.

- dl. 3 So whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away ;
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
 May we ever
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

232. 8.7.8.7 *Bavaria. Sicilian.*

Song of benediction. 2 Cor. xiii. 14.

- dl. **M**AY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord ;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

233. L. M. *Accomack. Averno.*

Prayer at the close of a meeting.

- di. **D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
 Help us to feed upon thy word ;
 All that has been amiss, forgive,
 And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good,
 Wash all our works in Jesus' blood :
 Give every fettered soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

234. L. M.

TO God the Father—God the Son,
 And God the Spirit—three in one,
 Be honour, praise and glory given,
 By all on earth—and all in heaven.

235. C. M.

LET God, the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit be adored,
 Where there are works to make him known,
 Or saints to love the Lord.

236. S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
 And saints that dwell below,
 Worship the Father—praise the Son,
 And bless the Spirit too.

237. H. M.

TO God the Father's throne,
 Perpetual honours raise ;
 Glory to God the Son ;
 To God the Spirit, praise :
 With all our powers, eternal King,
 Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

238. 8. 7. 4.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
 God the Father, God the Son,
 God the Spirit, joined in glory
 On the same eternal throne :
 Endless praises
 To Jehovah, three in one.

239. 7s. 4 lines.

SING we to our God above.
 Praise eternal as his love.
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

240. 7s. 6 lines.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One in three, and three in one;
 As by the celestial host,
 Let thy will on earth be done.
 Praise by all to thee be given,
 Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n.

241. 7s. 8 lines.

TO the Father, to the Son,
 To the Spirit, Three in One,
 Round whose throne of boundless love
 All the hosts celestial move;
 Blessing, honour, glory, pow'r,
 And thanksgiving evermore,
 Be by all the angels giv'n,
 All the saints in earth and heav'n.

242. C. M. D.

THE God of mercy be adored
 Who calls our souls from death,
 Who saves by his redeeming word,
 And new-creating breath.
 To praise the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit, all divine,
 The One in Three, and Three in One,
 Let saints and angels join.

243. 7s. & 6s. 8 lines.

TO Father; Son, and Spirit,
Eternal praise be given,
By all that earth inherit,
And all that dwell in heav'n:
Thou triune God! before thee,
Our inmost souls adore:
Who art and hast been worthy,
And shalt be evermore.

244. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Eternal and divine,
Round whose throne the heav'nly host
In endless anthems join:
Thine the glory and the power,
Thine the wisdom and the might;
Thine the praise for evermore.
O, God of life and light.

245. L. P. M.

al. **N**OW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal power and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

246. L. M.

al. **H**AIL, Father! hail, eternal Son!
Hail, sacred Spirit! Three in One!
Blessing and thanks, and power divine,
Thrice holy Lord, be ever thine!

247. 8.6.8.6.8.8.8.6.

al. **S**ING Hallelujah! praise the Lord!
Sing with a cheerful voice;
G 145

DOXOLOGIES.

Exalt our God with one accord,
And in his name rejoice :
Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransomed host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Until in realms of endless light,
Your praises shall unite.

2 There we to all eternity
Shall join the angelick lays ;
And sing in perfect harmony
To God our Saviour's praise ;
"He hath redeemed us by his blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.
For us, for us the Lamb was slain."
Praise ye the Lord! Amen.

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17. *Wm*

~~Rev. Mr. Sturges~~
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